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The Saturday Review of Literature

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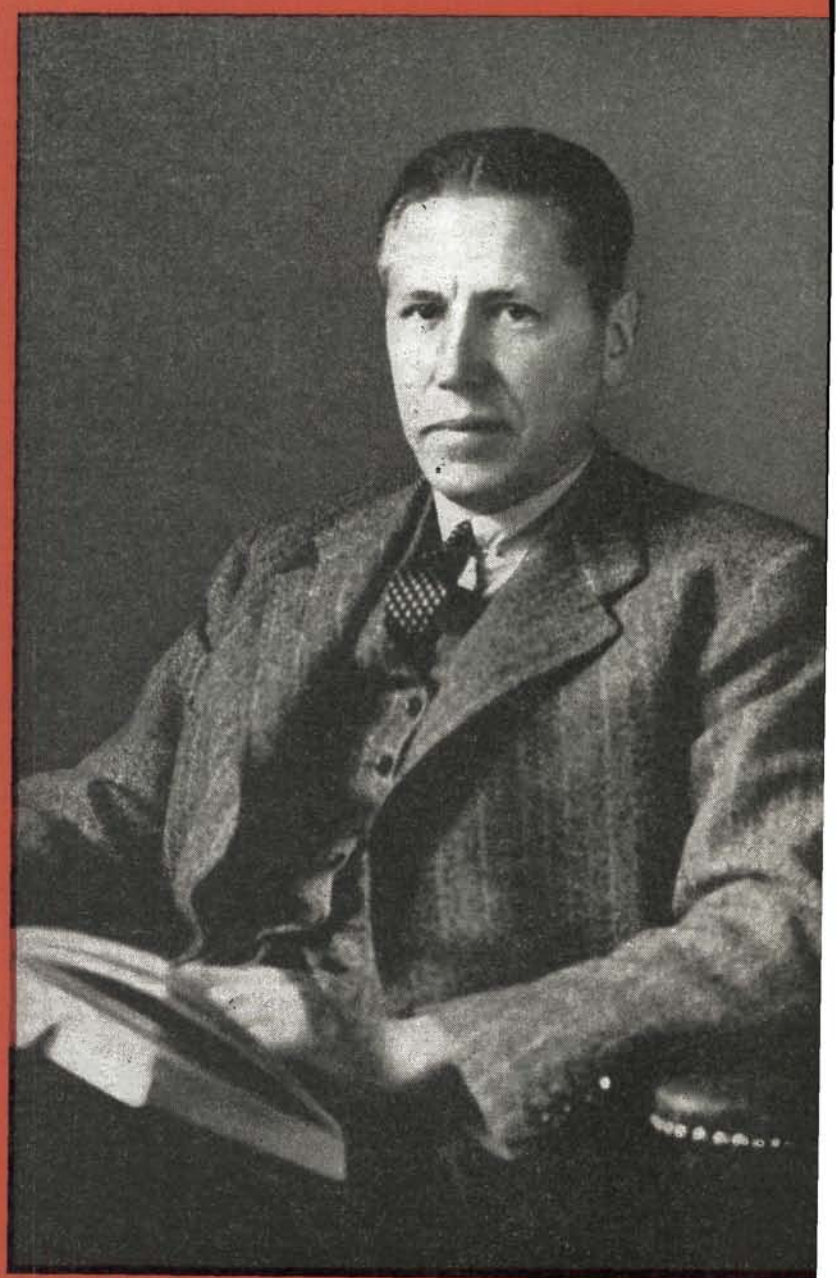

BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG's book is "valuable as an antidote to much of the 'patriotic' history that is written." *(See page 5)*

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Picking the Author's Brains

MELVILLE CANE

THAT mad comedian, Jimmy Durante, came across a piece of nonsense verse just up his alley. It begins:

> We have a one-room home,
> You have a two-room, three-room, four-room.
> We have a one-room home
> because a one-room home holds all we have.

Jimmy planted it in the middle of his broadcast, shouted it at the public for weeks. Alfred Kreymborg, however, objected. He was merely the author and had copyrighted it according to law. He brought suit for infringement but the court threw it out. Over the air anyone may recite, as Durante did, a poem as a poem, and get away with it. Anyone may broadcast an entire novel by reading it chapter by chapter. But if you go beyond the mere recitation or reading and employ actors to represent the characters, you'll be breaking the law.

How far can an author or composer claim protection when his product is quoted or exploited without his consent? To what extent has the United States copyright office granted him rights which the rest of us must respect? Where does literary larceny begin, or, more importantly, where does it end? The answers are fairly easy, but to apply them to the particular facts in each case is something else again. Federal judges throughout the country are constantly wrestling with such problems.

Written into the original Constitution is a clause which recognizes and attempts to safeguard brain-products and art-products as a valuable form of property. And with the movie, the talkie, radio, and television, statutes have been passed to extend the safeguards to these by-products. Today, an author who copyrights a novel, for example, obtains not only exclusive right to publish it as a serial and a book, but also to turn it into a play or motion picture, or opera libretto or any other medium. His monopoly extends for 28 years, with the right to renew for another 28 years. Of course, many publishing contracts contain clauses providing for specific financial arrangements between author and publisher in the event a book is selected for motion-picture dramatization, but theoretically, at least, the writer's product is his monopoly.

These ever-expanding mediums emphasize the need of the author to safeguard his property. Ida Vera Simonton wrote a novel entitled "Hell's Playground." A man named Gordon wrote the hit-show, "White Cargo"—which appeared to have thoroughly absorbed "Hell's Playground." The court analyzed the two works, applied the rule of the deadly-parallel, deciding that Gordon had been guilty of deliberate piracy; that he had practically adapted the novel for theatrical use. Gordon, protesting, claimed that "Hell's Playground" was immoral and indecent, and therefore not entitled to protection, a unique plea which the court rejected.

IN the old days, even up to the turn of the century, the rewards of a novelist were fairly limited. He could hope for little beyond magazine and book publication; perhaps, if he were lucky, a stage adaptation. And a playwright's dreams of wealth were confined to the royalties from a long run on Broadway, a tour in the provinces, and later, perhaps, production by stock companies. Writers like Mark Twain were big-money-makers; the playwright Clyde Fitch once had four shows running in New York City at the same time. But the intake was modest compared with the opportunities of 1940. Movie-rights of best sellers such as "The Grapes of Wrath" and "Gone with the Wind," or of Broadway hits like "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" and "Life with Father," may run into six figures or even more. Besides there's the highly profitable market of radio; and television is no longer a mere laboratory experiment.

Thus it's quite natural that such high-stakes have stimulated the bringing of lawsuits, both by those who sincerely though mistakenly, think they've "got something" and by others who less innocently start "strike-suits" for their nuisance value. Consider the case of Mrs. Grace Fendler against Oliver Morosco and Richard Walton Tully. Not too old theatre-goers will recall "The Bird of Paradise," with Laurette Taylor as the star. It ran for years in New York and "the sticks." Tully was its author; Morosco produced it. Mrs. Fendler, an "unproduced" writer, had done an earlier sketchy play, which she called "In Hawaii." In the course of its travels to the various managers, it had reached the Morosco office where Tully might have heard of it. Both plays relied heavily on native customs, tropical atmosphere; religious rites were freely introduced. These and other elements, together with episodes showing the relations between whites and islanders, were so impressive that one court gave the lady a judgment for the unheard-of-sum of $780,000, all the profits from "The Bird." But a higher court completely exonerated Tully and Morosco and cancelled the huge award to Mrs. Fendler; this, because the resemblances seemed superficial and Tully's play showed superior originality, and expertness of invention.

"The Bird of Paradise" case is an excellent illustration of the difficulty of applying the law to a given state of facts. Six judges felt that Mrs. Fendler was entitled to heavy compensation; seven judges of the New York Court of Appeals felt she was entitled to nothing.

The glad tidings of another big Broadway hit is often the signal for serving court papers for an injunction, damages, and profits. To defend against a reckless or baseless claim is expensive, and time-consuming. It also may result in disagreeable, unwelcome publicity. The man or woman who makes a dishonest or fantastic claim may count on these considerations and hope the person attacked will settle handsomely rather than have it out in court. Ordinarily the loser of a lawsuit doesn't have to pay the lawyer's fees of the winner. But by a special rule in copy-

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right cases, as a deterrent to thin or "phony" claims, federal judges have the right to grant liberal allowances to pay the expenses of the successful defense. The most conspicuous of such instances to date was the case brought by Georges Lewys in 1931 against Eugene O'Neill and the Theatre Guild over "Strange Interlude." Miss Lewys asked for over two million dollars for an alleged infringement of her book, "The Temple of Pallas Athenae." Judge Woolsey minced no words in denouncing her claim. She "has brought herself to believe, or at least to swear that she believes," he ironically observed, "that Mr. O'Neill paraphrased her sentences, copied her characters, and took his plot from her book." He proclaimed her "delusion" to be so grotesque that she be made to pay for her fun. Accordingly he ordered her to contribute $17,500 toward the legal bill of Mr. O'Neill and the Guild. But they never collected; there were no available assets.

Successful copyright suits, even when meritorious and instituted in the best of faith, are surprisingly rare. We're told that the Copyright Act gives an author complete protection in the exclusive right to the use of his work. This statement, however, can only be made with reservations. You can't obtain copyright in the title of your work, and yet no one may trade on your title, if you've built up a valuable property in connection with it to your injury. The case of "The Gold Diggers" is a case in point. Warner Brothers had bought the picture-rights of this Belasco success, which was given the screen title, "Gold Diggers of Broadway." It grossed more than two million dollars. A rival film company forthwith put out a picture called "Gold Diggers of Paris." Although the court said that Warners had no exclusive rights in the title, "Gold Diggers of Broadway," it stopped the competitor from using the phrase "Gold Diggers," on the ground that otherwise it would lead the public to suppose that "Gold Diggers of Paris" was a Warner product.

Again there's no copyright in ideas as such, but only in the means of expressing ideas through plot, character, treatment. The particular cake an author bakes is his to deal with alone; flour, dough, eggs, butter, and other ingredients are equally available to all the world. What's protected is the finished product. Ossip Dymow wrote a play called "Personality" with an unusual theme. Its main idea and plot centered around a poor but ambitious girl. A smart young man realizes that her charm can be turned into dollars to their mutual profit. Soon Cinderella becomes a glamour girl, achieves her ambition and a promoter husband. He in turn, through shrewd exploitation of her, puts over a neat business deal. So all ends happily, and with money in the bank for both. Dymow submitted "Personality" to Guy Bolton for suggestion and revision, for Bolton was a more seasoned dramatist. After holding the manuscript for months, Bolton decided against collaboration. Before long, however, Bolton produced a play entitled "Polly Preferred." It, too, contained the theme of an ambitious girl, willing to be made into a personality by an equally smart young man, who develops her in this case into a movie star; their venture, as in Dymow's play, ends in marriage and prosperity. So Dymow sued Bolton for stealing his theme. Dymow lost. The court decided there was no copyright in the theme as such and that Bolton's play, though it used the theme, was an independent creation in character, plot, language, and general treatment.

Anne Nichols wrote the perennial "Abie's Irish Rose." Then Universal Pictures produced a film called "The Cohens and the Kellys." Apparently, the film did not overlook the prodigious box-office appeal of "Abie." Both works were based on religious prejudice as applied to marriage between Jews and Catholics, and the resultant family turmoil. Miss Nichols quite naturally felt aggrieved and sued, for play and picture appeared to her to have much in common. Neither work, however, was of any serious literary worth, containing stock characters which anyone might utilize. The court decided that Universal had not taken anything from Miss Nichols's play that had been distinctly original with her.

> It follows that the less developed the characters, the less they can be copyrighted; that is the penalty an author (Miss Nichols) must bear for marking them too indistinctly. . . . A comedy based upon Irish and Jews, into which the marriage of their children enters, is no more susceptible of copyright than the outline of "Romeo and Juliet."

Fortune, however, was probably overgenerous in the extraordinary case of *Dam* against *La Shelle*. Henry J. W. Dam back in 1901, wrote a short-story for which he received $85 from the *Smart Set* magazine, where it was later published. Paul Armstrong, a well-known playwright of the period, read it and turned it with embellishments into a drama called "The Heir to the Hurrah" produced by La Shelle. Armstrong, however, failed to go to the trouble of getting Dam's consent. "The Heir to the Hurrah" was a smash-hit. The court held that Armstrong had taken too much for his own good and that whatever of his own he had added could not exonerate him. The most remarkable feature of the decision was that Dam, who had parted with his magazine rights for a mere $85, was

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Washington via Case Studies

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION. A Reappraisal. By Bernhard Knollenberg. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1940. 269 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

SCANDALIZED by the portrait of Washington which Thackeray painted in his "Virginians," one indignant reader protested that "the Americans hold Washington too sacred a character to be handled in this trifling manner. With almost an equal propriety might Thackeray have manufactured a novel from the Bible, and made the Saviour and Saint Paul its leading characters. Washington should be represented as history proves he was, the heaven-chosen, miraculous founder of our nation." And so indeed, Mr. Knollenberg would add, he has been represented, but he would qualify the generalization by insisting that it is not history but the historians who have so presented the Father of Our Country.

There have, to be sure, been frequent efforts to present Washington as a human being, erring and falliable. Half a century ago the distinguished Charles Francis Adams advanced some penetrating criticisms of Washington's military talents, and since that time other scholars, notably Rupert Hughes, have suggested imperfections and qualifications. Comes now Mr. Knollenberg trained to the law as to scholarship, and presents a bill of errors and calls for a reversal of past decisions on points of fact as well as of interpretation.

His brief is actually less ambitious than its title would indicate. It is part of a larger work upon which he has been for some time engaged—a history of the Revolution from 1773 to 1778, and it is presented in a series of case studies whose general character is suggested by the sub-title. The design is not to treat the whole history of Washington and the Revolution but rather, in a series of case studies, to suggest that previous histories have been mistaken, previous interpretations misleading, earlier attitudes biased, and to suggest the need for a full-bodied reappraisal of the whole history of the Revolution and the career of Washington.

It must be admitted that, at least negatively, Mr. Knollenberg proves his case—that the older historians, even the most substantial and dignified, are not reliable as to facts or interpretation. Nor does Mr. Knollenberg waste his energies on such straw men as Parson Weems and Washington Irving; he confronts rather such scholars as W. C. Ford, J. C. Fitzpatrick, Beveridge, Trevelyan, and J. T. Adams and forces them to retire in confusion. He indicts these, and others, of carelessness in handling facts, of blind copying of earlier errors and myths, of inexcusable prejudice. And, while not largely concerned with making out an affirmative case, he does suggest that Gates was an able general, the Conway Cabal a myth, the Continental Congress far from disreputable or unpatriotic.

Take, for example, the problem of General Gates, victor of Saratoga. Gates's whole career attests his military ability, loyalty, intelligence, and liberalism. He did distinguished work not only at Saratoga, but earlier, with Braddock, in the Mohawk Valley and in the expedition against Martinique; his career, even after the failure of the Southern campaign, was in every respect meritorious. He had, however, the misfortune to incur the enmity of Washington and of Wilkinson, his name was associated with the Conway "cabal," and the battle of Camden seemed to prove that his earlier successes had been accidents. The historians, as Mr. Knollenberg shows, ganged up on him. They deprived him of credit for Saratoga, they charged that he was remiss in sending reinforcements to Washington, they abused him for his complicity in an alleged conspiracy against Washington, and they assigned him to oblivion; to this day he lacks a biography. Yet Mr. Knollenberg, examining the record anew, exculpates him from all of these charges. He took over command of the Northern Army when Schuyler had reduced it to near-mutiny; his strategy insured victory at Saratoga; he complied promptly with Washington's request for troops, stripping himself of much needed divisions, and, as far as the evidence goes, he had no part in any plot against him.

As for the Conway "cabal," that hoary stand-by of historians and eulogists, is, Mr. Knollenberg argues, a figment of the imagination. The argument is inconclusive, yet evidence—not only that cited by Mr. Knollenberg, but that familiar to other scholars—seems to support this contention. That Conway was an able officer seems clear from his earlier and his later career; that Washington pursued him with something approaching vindictiveness cannot be denied. That there was ever any kind of cabal or conspiracy, or even an intention to deprive Washington of his command, is yet to be proved. And finally that such an intention would in itself be more mistaken judgment rather than treason would seem obvious.

Mr. Knollenberg gives passing attention to other episodes of the Revolution: the question of credit for the French Alliance, the relations of Washington to the New England troops and to New England Congressmen, the responsibility of Washington for the failure to carry out the terms of the Saratoga Convention, and the unfortunate misunderstanding with Rochambeau about the use of the French fleet—a misunderstanding from which Washington emerges in a sorry light.

Mr. Knollenberg's book is valuable as an antidote to much of the "patriotic" history that is written. It is, in itself, neither definitive nor conclusive. Each of the case studies here suggested requires more exhaustive treatment than Mr. Knollenberg has given it, and other aspects of the story—the Lee treason, for example, or the relations of Washington with the Continental Congress and with the war Governors, are yet to be told in full. In the end, it is safe to say, such investigations will not seriously impair the towering character of Washington, but rather humanize it.

An engraving by Paul Revere after a caricature in the "London Magazine," 1774.
The Able Doctor, or America Swallowing the Bitter Draught.

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Living Geography

GEOGRAPHY IN HUMAN DESTINY. By Roderick Peattie. New York: George W. Stewart. 1940. 310 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON

THIS is one of the few books in which a trained geographer of high repute has dared to use all his faculties. Most scientists are desperately afraid to reveal a sense of humor, even if they possess it. Many seem afraid to write in the best literary style lest they be frowned upon as "popularizers." Only the rarer spirits dare even to suggest ideas that depart widely from the accepted pattern, especially when they do not pretend that as yet they have discovered the exact truth. Equally few have the courage to apply their conclusions boldly to present social problems. All of these unusual things are done by Professor Peattie in a book which this reviewer finds most invigorating. You can forgive a good many minor mistakes if a book sets you to thinking, gives you interesting new facts, and at the same time, makes you laugh in spite of yourself.

Professor Peattie believes that in late years many geographers have been as timid as rabbits. They have been scared by the word "determinism," and therefore have gone out of their way to avoid saying that people do certain things *because* they live in certain types of regions. "Let the man who scorns the possibility of determinism remember the Dust Bowl." When high drifts of sand "are piled around the house and the woven fence enclosing the yard is half buried in loose silt," and the seed planted in the dry ground fails even to germinate, or when a tornado tips over your house, and brings death to "the farmer, the farmer's wife, and the hired man," it seems a good deal like determinism. Nature may not say exactly what man must do under such circumstances, but it does say what he shall not do.

Passing lightly over such catastrophic events, Professor Peattie gives his reasons for believing that certain types of social organization grow up in certain types of regions. The illustrations of this include the manufacturing districts of England where "West Riding sounds like a fox hunt, (and) lies in Yorkshire which sounds like a pudding." Such combinations of serious reasoning and pleasant nonsense will be frowned upon by the narrower type of mind, but they will be much enjoyed by people of sound sense.

One of the author's conclusions is that

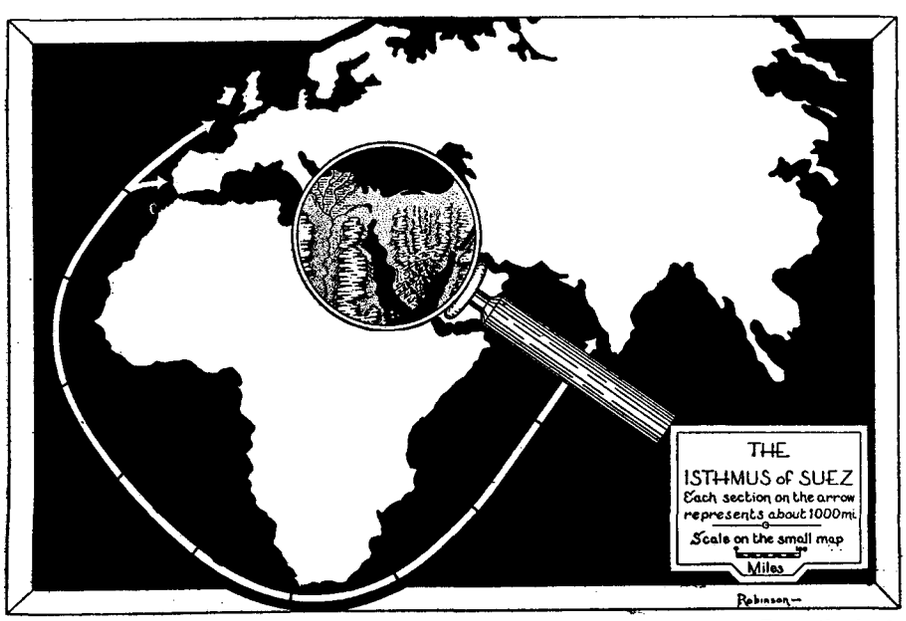
> when the history of the diffusion of ideas is written, it will largely resemble a geography. And what a grand book it will be! How great a joy it would have been to have owned a villa overlooking the Straits of Messina, there to consider the invisible freights (ideas) of the ships daring Scylla and Charybdis to bring grain to the ports of Rome. . . . Thus we have before us the thesis of geography. Simply stated, it is that once man became fixed, provincial cultures were evolved. The characters of these cultures depended in part upon the differences of natural endowment of the separate regions, and in part, upon the inventive contributions of men.

In his unique and telling style, Peattie takes up the main features of geographic environment and at the same time passes from problems of the past to those of the present. Ancient Egypt, with its desert walls and its houses frequently roofless because there is no fear of rain, affords an example of isolation. Then comes the story of the desert with its widely ranging nomads and their constant encroachment on the Fertile Crescent where plodding peasants bend to the plow and sickle. The sea is next studied. "I have a theory, more sentimental then scientific, . . . that the sea creates a joyous spirit. . . . (The seacoast people of Greece) were the first who joyously lifted their eyes from the ground, the first people to be free of taboos." One may not believe this, but it sets one to thinking.

Finally, we come to modern problems of war, trade, and peace. Here Peattie boldly attempts an interpretation of the basic geographic fact that "the earth has time on its side and conquers in the long run." Man, to be sure, continually changes the nature of both his cultural and his physical environment. Hence, every geographic fact pertains to a certain period in human history and "is, as it were, a snapshot." Over-population, for example, "is a term which has meaning only when it is thought of in terms of the culture of the moment. . . . This is true of all geographic facts." Nevertheless, there is not merely a tide, but a trend in the affairs of men. And so, through the mazes of modern wars, modern commerce, and modern transportation, a progressive adjustment between the physical environment and human culture must go on. Always there must be compromises, because man cannot wholly change nature, and cannot undo much of the harm that he has done through failure to conserve the geographic resources. The problem of conservation "is essentially the conflict between individualism and socialism. The answer must be a compromise, but it is safe to say that if progress is to be made, each compromise must, in the nature of things, be nearer the social left."

Many people will criticize "Geography in Human Destiny" severely. I myself do not like to be told that one of my favorite stamping grounds, the plain of Kashmir set in a bowl of mountains on the upper Jhelum River, "is a gorge of the upper Indus River." Other mistakes of this kind are a blemish, and there are conclusions which do not seem thoroughly grounded. Nevertheless, these are a small matter in comparison with the delightful spirit and racy style of the book and its many lines of stimulating thought.

Ellsworth Huntington, professor of geography at Yale and author of numerous books, is an outstanding authority in his field.



From the book.

The strategic position of the Suez Canal.

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Scandinavian Haven

I CHOSE DENMARK. By Francis Hackett. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Company. 1940. 291 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by MARIUS HANSOME

CHOOSING implies alternatives. Francis Hackett chose among a number of countries—Ireland, England, France—which he has known in experience. Why did he chose Denmark? For an answer the reader is invited to a delightful experience of shuttling back and forth between Ireland, England, France, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and America, particularly to the capital cities of those countries. Hackett is thoroughly at home among ideas, persons, scenes, institutions, and events—the hallmark of a cultivated person in an urbane and humanistic sense. Hackett sees *through* his eyes, as Blake did, and, being endowed with an informed humor and a profound sympathy, his observation is the more ambient and penetrating, and he keeps the linkage between the near and the remote, between action and motive, well polished. The reader will meet many surprises, interesting personages, uncommon ideas, controversial situations, likes and dislikes, and picturesque places. The author's intimate description of Copenhagen will awaken nostalgia in the heart of many Copenhagener Danes.

Mr. Hackett's varied contacts and study matured into "a belief that Denmark had gone further, as a community, to give the monkey in man a chance to be human." In Denmark he found a more socialized conscience. That is his thesis. He found individuality without individualism, folk consciousness instead of class-consciousness, "domestication of the civic sense," "social imagination," and communal feeling, political-mindedness triumphing over partisan mindedness, an unalloyed respect for social law, in a phrase, he found social maturity.

Social maturity among the Danes is ascribed partly to the high development of the historic sense—"a kind of sixth sense. . . . without which a man remains a social infant." Rational folk do not advocate a total break in social evolution, even if that were possible to effect, but they do advocate growth and development and preparedness to take the next step forward. The Danes believe in revolution as a result, not as a means. Höffding, the eminent Danish social philosopher, justifies abstractly the people's regard for continuity of that which is good, in his well-known thesis: the religious spirit is manifested in the endeavor to

Self Portrait, by Francis Hackett

conserve human values. A high devotion to the duties of citizenship is generally evident in the population. The author adduces a deal of illustrative matter which brings out the feeling which obligates a person to live his daily life acutely aware of the communal significance of his conduct. "You can turn Denmark upside down," observes Mr. Hackett whimsically, "and you will find her the same on both sides."

Little Denmark exemplifies the small nation which knows how to reach out over the wide world for friends and customers. It acts upon the recipe for friendship which is to be one, at home and abroad. Science and coöperation have built up the high quality of Danish Blue Cheese, milk-fed bacon, and butter so delicious that "only the highest tariff walls can keep it out of any country that knows good butter."

The reviewer hopes that this book will be read especially by those who shout that "small nations are doomed." Coalescence or alliance with large-scale "powers" may be feasible for a bellicose purpose, but, for the development of individuality, for variety, for democratic coöperation, and for cultural refinement, history seems to point to the efficacy of the principle of voluntary coöperation. "A prize gooseberry, even, might grow on a small gooseberry bush." Europe must become a coöperative federation without compulsory subordination.

Mr. Hackett chose Denmark, recognizing that it is the social direction and "a healthy psyche" that really matter—"Such a country has a chance to prove that it is unconquerable." He deserves to be read by all lovers of progressive democracy. He has demonstrated his social maturity by giving prominence to an area in the world where the public good is deliberately cultivated.

Marius Hansome is the author of "World Workers Educational Movements," and is lecturer in the Sociology of Coöperation at The Rochdale Institute, New York City.

Behind the Norwegian "Treachery"

I SAW IT HAPPEN IN NORWAY. By Carl J. Hambro. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 1940. 219 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

BURIED beneath the rapidly growing list of small neutrals overrun since the outbreak of war, the story of the invasion of Norway has been generally obscured. But in many ways it is the prototype; it reveals the basic pattern it shows how surprise, treachery, and terror can be combined to immobilize even the most progressive nation. The record should be read and pondered. In "I Saw It Happen in Norway," Carl J. Hambro, president of the Norwegian Parliament and president of the Assembly of the League of Nations, tells that story with a simplicity and directness that make this book an outstanding contribution to current history.

Mr. Hambro clarifies many of the confusions that resulted from conflicting, fragmentary reports at the time of the invasion. He minimizes the part treachery played; the widespread publicity given this angle he attributes to Germany. Complete confusion, not sabotage, paralyzed defenses, he insists. He shows Major Quisling's background. (Most of the prominent men supposedly making up the Quisling Cabinet knew nothing of their "appointments" and refused to have anything to do with the pro-Nazi faction, Hambro declares.) In one of the best sections of the book he reveals the courage and comparative success with which the Norwegian Navy and air force fought back.

If the author tries to emphasize any single thought, it is this: "The most dangerous Fifth Column is to be found behind the bars of diplomatic immunity; every German embassy is a potential center of Fifth Column mobilization; every German consulate is an armory, a danger spot, a privileged stable of a Trojan horse."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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GOOD NEWS—FOR A CHANGE

IT was suggested in these columns several months ago, when the world seemed to be in hourly danger of tumbling about our ears, that writers and publishers could do much toward taking an active and effective hand in the moral co-efficient of the fight to preserve the things we value most in life and which, for want of a more original term, we have come to call free institutions. It was pointed out that while the world of books can and should be rightfully proud of the many distinguished titles it has fathered in the literature for liberty, the job to be done may be said to begin there but it certainly does not end there. A vast new group of readers had to be reached—in short, the non-book reading public, since surveys showed that four-fifths of the population were outside the direct reach of books as such.

Moreover, an important part of the job required recognition that the time for hedging on democracy as a practical instrument was over. It was suggested that writers state our record for what it was in living conditions, wages, hours, and employment, pointing out the definite existence between jobs and liberties, which the totalitarian state glossed over or ignored; emphasizing, also, that while it is true that democracy thus far has been unable to offer more than possibilities without promises, this was at least preferable to the promises without possibilities of the dictator.

In this connection, *The Saturday Review* is especially happy to report on several projects—one a book, one a pamphlet, and one an organization—which are hitting the bull's eye in dramatizing democracy as an instrument with practical achievements and practical possibilities. The book is Edward L. Bernays's "Speak Up for Democracy"*; the pamphlet is "Freedom or Fascism"†, published by Yale University Press for the Connecticut League of Women Voters, and the organization is The National Foundation for Education.

Mr. Bernays's book is direct, forceful, realistic. It creates a sphere of intelligent operation for the individual in the larger offensive against totalitarianism. It is possible that scholars or social philosophers may criticize the work as perhaps unsophisticated or lacking in profundity. Yet this book was not intended for the specialist, who already has several shelves full of more abstract works to suit his purposes, but for the average person who is subjected to a barrage of information or propaganda from all sides and who would like to know just what he is supposed to do and how. Anyone who has traveled throughout the country the last few months—especially during the weeks following the fall of France—was a witness to the uneasy feeling of frustration or helplessness that seemed to have settled like a cloud over the nation as a whole. The individual wanted to help but his own role was not too clearly defined; in a sense, we were all dressed up for democracy with no place to go. Mr. Bernays, widely recognized as our leading authority on public opinion and public psychology, has written a book, therefore, which is certain to fall on fertile ground. What is more important is that he suggests means which are compatible with ends—no small feat in these days of shifting expedients. His program for the individual or organization is clear, sensible, constructive.

"Freedom or Fascism" is a small, attractively-designed pamphlet admirably suited to group or classroom discussion. Point by point, it answers arguments raised by advocates of totalitarianism. This is an excellent example of what can be done in intelligent and effective pamphleteering. It is also an excellent example of at least one way in which organizations—in this case the Connecticut League of Women Voters—can actually crystallize their own feelings and views while contributing to the crystallization of the views of others.

It is impossible in the brief space of an editorial to do adequate justice to an organization such as the National Foundation for Education, whose chairman is Samuel R. Harrell of Indianapolis. The Foundation is concerning itself with fundamentals by co-ordinating the efforts of teachers, parents, and officials in a program for schools which might properly be called, "Democracy for Use." As part of its work, the Foundation has outlined suggested courses in citizenship and government. So convincing was the presentation in its original form that it has already compelled action in the revision or adoption of courses at several universities. The object of the Foundation is "not to promote any dogma but to seek the truth and to educate," in line with its belief that "the principles of fundamental truth well taught will preserve the best in government." Its program of education, as we understand it, is seeking to teach students the facts of life as they relate to forces at large in the world today.

N. C.

**SPEAK UP FOR DEMOCRACY. By Edward L. Bernays. New York: The Viking Press. 1940. 128 pp., with appendix. $1.*

†FREEDOM OR FASCISM. By the Connecticut League of Women Voters. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1940. 56 pp. $.25.

In the Desert

By Joseph Joel Keith

HERE is where silence grows
still, as the listening ear
remembers what it knows,
like a clear

imprint lettered in stone.
Here is a breathing sound
not lost; though one's alone,
this ground,

air and the joshua trees
whisper and pray and tell
the heart what it will seize
and know well.

Wandering silence is spread.
The racing heart and mind
are touched and quieted,
and they find,
here where all thought is fed,
what they will find.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Weep and Prepare"

SIR:—In his anxiety to condemn "Weep and Prepare," [*SRL*, Oct. 12] Mr. Louis Untermeyer did not escape the clumsy injury of his own axe: he twice misquoted lines, made one positively untrue statement. The first lines he quotes should have read (the italics indicate the line omitted):

and with an uneasy feeling
of disaster
left among the photographs
of friends
(so I suppose)
the rancid ashes of the hearth
and litter of delphinium
(or were
they roses
roses—were
there roses in another room)

I do not consider worth more than mentioning the fact that even in the scope of these lines he twice indicated a pattern of them, by translation of bars to indicate line terminations, which never existed in them. In the third of the quotations, the words "sudden leaves" are misquoted for "sodden leaves," and in the fourth a word is inserted, damaging the sense, the word "our," which I italicize:

the Nails, the Nails pierced *our*
the Flesh, the Hands—

Incidentally, the quotations were made in an ambiguous fashion, implying a derivation for them obscure to me. May I ask that Mr. Untermeyer be asked to afford the exact passages he supposes to be the derivation of my lines in poems by Eliot, MacLeish, Pound, Cummings?

As for the untrue statement, it is this: "Weep And Prepare" is my *second,* not my *third* book, as Mr. Untermeyer would have it.

RAYMOND E. F. LARSSON.
Staten Island, New York.

SIR:—(1) I regret the exigency of space which compelled the use of diagonal bars to indicate line divisions.

(2) I regret the not altogether vital omission of the word "and" and the typographical error.

(3) I regret that I thought "Weep and Prepare" was Mr. Larsson's third book instead of, as Mr. Larsson would have it, his second. The acknowledgment page lists *four* volumes "by the same author." Perhaps we are both poor mathematicians.

(4) Most of all, I regret Larsson's inability to recognize his obligations—obligations in tone and accent rather than exact quotation. I was not alone in discovering his indebtedness to Eliot, Pound, MacLeish, and Cumings. Others added Gerard Hopkins and the Imagists to Mr. Larsson's "influences." But I did not wish—nor do I wish now—to turn a short review into a bill of particulars.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.
Elizabethtown, New York.

"It's this way, madam—if you came into the store with $4.25 and spent one-third of it at the novelties counter, and had 40c left—that's how much this book would cost you."

"No Time for Comedy"

SIR:—This is a reply to Mr. Davis's editorial, "No Time for Comedy?", [*SRL,* November 9].

Regarding Mr. Chaplin's "The Great Dictator," then, I beg leave to disagree with Mr. Davis, who announces that Hitler and the rest of what he terms "the Situation" are "no longer funny." This, according to Mr. Davis, is what ails the Chaplin picture. Now I would be the first to acknowledge that "The Great Dictator" has its faults (and so have Hitler and the Situation), but I object to this arbitrary definition of comedy's subject matter.

A thing is funny if you think it is funny. Mr. Davis does not think the Nazis are funny, even in Mr. Chaplin's inspired misrepresentation of them, and so for Mr. Davis they are not funny. But for me, and for Mr. Chaplin (who of all people takes the menace of the Nazis seriously), the humorous or satirical attitude is supremely enlightening.

No subject is necessarily so solemn, nor is any situation so grim, as to be sacred from the humor of such a talented and tactful clown as Mr. Chaplin. When he sets out to burlesque a Hitler speech, *that speech is funny*—no matter what the tragic consequences of an actual Hitler speech might be. I am of Jewish descent, and I have heard that Mr. Chaplin is of Jewish descent. Neither of us is likely to feel that what the Aryan bully-boys do in the Ghetto is a joke. I am convinced, nevertheless, that satire of the subject is just.

Mr. Davis might be reminded that current British journalism and folklore make Hitler a target of ribaldry and caricature, and that so far this does not appear to have inhibited their defensive warfare. The author of the recent "Letters from the Corsican" also applied his subtle humor to "Hitler and his doings;" I should like to know Mr. Davis's reaction to that book's barbed irony.

Many of the episodes in "The Great Dictator" which deal with Hitler seem to me to be among the finest achievements of satirical drama. True, the "bubble dance" with the globe is overdone; the pie-throwing scene with Mussolini is likewise too much of a muchness; the peculiar use of Wagner's music, which Mr. Davis admires, is rather questionable; and a number of passages are badly written or performed by inferior actors. Yet the Hitlerian satire, a complete innovation in Chaplin's repertory, is magnificently effective. Mr. Davis admits this, but chooses to call it "essentially . . . tragic." The Ghetto scenes are less effective, not because their subject is intrinsically non-comedic, but because they are not as meaningful nor as competently done.

Swift's essay on a certain economic problem of Ireland advises a disposition of infants which is normally hateful, if not unspeakable. There were Englishmen in his day who said Swift had made a tactical error, but that essay remains a classic of satire. I venture to suggest that Mr. Davis's criticism is equally unfounded.

FREDERIC R. GUNSKY.
850 Oak Street,
San Francisco, Calif.

"Water Babies . . ."

SIR:—Basil Davenport surely merits a flood of thanks for his "Water Babies with Plain Water" [*SRL,* Nov. 16]. I hope that copies marked with red ink have been sent to the editors of the various children's magazines; these periodicals abound in the faults Mr. Davenport deplores and are, generally speaking, woefully inadequate. In one of his essays Stephen Leacock has made one or two of the points of the article, in his own manner and very amusingly.

By the way, what has become of that revived *St. Nicholas?* I can learn nothing whatever about it.

ALICE C. CRAMER.
Tampa, Florida.

Literary I. Q.

SIR:—YOUR LITERARY I. Q. DECEMBER 14TH ISSUE QUOTE A SCORE OF 75 OR BETTER IS EXCELLENT UNQUOTE ITS NOT ONLY EXCELLENT ITS A MIRACLE MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THOMAS R. COWARD.

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Mr. Hawthorne Sans Armor

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, A MODEST MAN. By Edward Mather. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1940. 356 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by NORMAN H. PEARSON

ENGLISHMAN BITES DOGS best headlines the news of a new biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Not that Edward Mather (a pseudonym, the dust jacket informs, for the heir to an English baronetcy) bites Hawthorne—to the contrary, he pats him and calls him good boy—but he goes straight out after those contemporaries whom he thinks hounded "A Modest Man." Fear anyone, Mr. Mather implies, but above all fear the women of New England. Elizabeth Peabody, Hawthorne's sister-in-law, after she had "ratted on poor Bronson Alcott," sought Hawthorne as a reentrance fee to the intellectual pound-party at Boston. The father of Margaret Fuller "had his vengeance on life in a curious way: he undertook the education of one of his daughters. . . . " Of Madam Hawthorne, "a more worthless and useless life, except that it produced Nathaniel, is difficult to imagine." The men were hardly better. "The armor which Hawthorne put on to protect his spiritual virginity against the seductive assaults of Mr. Emerson was perhaps excessive. But Emerson, quite unconscious of Hawthorne's fears, pursued him for the rest of his life." "Melville had to run Hawthorne to ground and corner him in a cave before he would make friends." Only at the close of Hawthorne's stay in England, when "he discovered how much he liked the aristocracy," was there apparently any relaxation of Hawthorne's fear of pursuit. "Alas! the discovery came too late. He had already formed his opinion of England and the English."

Edward Mather

Mr. Mather pulls everything down to matter-of-fact relationships between Hawthorne and the writers of his times. The resulting mundane account brings a useful and fresh picture both of Hawthorne and of New England. The jealousies that are timeless in literary circles have their best telling here. No one who has read Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's two volumes of New England's literary history can afford not to read "Nathaniel Hawthorne, A Modest Man." The two narratives serve as mutual antidotes. Mr. Brooks finds everything in Hawthorne's time exciting and glorious; Mr. Mather finds the scene stimulating but petty. The life of culture was a competitive business; and if any account by a loving biographer could turn Hawthorne into a hack writer, Mr. Mather's does.

Mr. Mather excels in his portrayal of this well-known New England scene. In many ways his book is one of the best we have on it. Where Mr. Brooks is simply a fine anecdotist, Mr. Mather writes with wit and acidity of his own. The sketch of Elizabeth Peabody is classical and ought to be missed by no one. There are few personages in the book who do not come embarrassingly to life; far more so, in fact, than does Hawthorne himself, who, in the role of a modest and shy man, remains quite naturally in the background. Yet this is an indispensable biography for anyone concerned with Hawthorne's personality. Many have called Hawthorne's disposition one of happy and romantic aloofness; it might by others be termed a variety of snobbery and nastiness. For there can be no question but that Hawthorne liked very few people, and indulged himself in sarcasm and bitterness at a large majority of the rest.

Why one should bother to write or read a biography of a literary man, which does not in some way relate the man's life to his work is puzzling. One would hardly gain from Mr. Mather's account much idea of such a relationship, or even of what Hawthorne wrote. It may be as well, since Mr. Mather's strongest points are wit and narrative clarity rather than critical lucidity. One illustration may satisfy: "Melville and Hawthorne had this in common, that both based their fiction on a reserve of specialized knowledge.

A life is a life, however; and Hawthorne's is worth writing about. He has been written about often—and will be. Mr. Mather's biography follows tradition, and will make precedent. Hawthorne's body may lie a-mouldering in the grave, but his biographers go marching on.

Epistolary Net

A TREASURY OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LETTERS FROM ANCIENT DAYS TO OUR OWN TIME. Edited by M. Lincoln Schuster. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1940. 563 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by
HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

ALTHOUGH every anthologist is entitled to his own choices, and despite the fact that the canons of "great" letter-writing are undoubtedly hazy, it is difficult to discover precisely what the editor had in mind in this somewhat rambling collection. The names of Cicero, Charles Lamb, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, Horace Walpole, Madame de La Fayette, Jane Carlyle, Flaubert, Dorothy Osborne, and certain other remarkable letter-writers are not included, whereas the volume opens with such purely rhetorical performances as the "exchange of letters" between Alexander and Darius—letters which were, as a matter of fact, manufactured in the fifteenth century by a Persian writer. Letters by Bacon, Stevenson, Zola, Trotsky, Thomas Mann, and one or two others in this collection prove not to be letters in the usual sense of the word, but rather those public proclamations of which "J'Accuse" is typical. All is fish that comes to Mr. Schuster's epistolary net; he prints some letters because they are "scarce," some because they have not been printed before, some because they have been printed in out-of-the-way places, and some because they are on the "right side." Except for love letters, of which the collection contains a tedious number, the ordinary letter of familiar intercourse is the least conspicuous element in the anthology.

Mr. Schuster writes: "A treasury of such letters is really a treasury of life lived passionately, life disclosed to the uttermost, life set down without fear or inhibition, life brought to a climax, life challenged and critically examined. The dark corridors as well as the loftiest towers in the hall of fame here give up some of their most inviolable secrets." Well, as Trinculo remarked, "I took him to be killed with a thunderstroke:—but are thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope, now, thou are not drowned." Rhetoric of this sort is merely grandiose. This anthology seems to me to have no ascertainable governing principle and to be rather jejune.

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This Was Her Fight

I MUST HAVE LIBERTY. By Isabel de Palencia. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1940. 488 pp., with index. $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

BACK in the early nineteen-twenties, Isabel de Palencia was known to American audiences as a delightful lecturer on the arts of Spain. In 1936 she stood before many different audiences, in many of our cities, as a passionate and effective representative of the loyalist, legitimate Spain that was being done to death by the cynically named Non-Intervention Pact. At that time she had already been appointed Spanish Minister to Sweden, and it was in Sweden that she was to do the most important work of a distinguished career.

"I Must Have Liberty" is her life story, from the days of her happy childhood in Malaga down to these present days when, exiled from their loved land, but still companioned by faith and hope, she and her family have found refuge in Mexico. The years between were full years, full not only of public and social service, to which she came by way of the arts, but crowded too with private joys and sorrows revolving round her painter husband, Ceferino Palencia, and her children, Cefito and Marissa. Those who devote themselves to humanity at large too often fail in their relationships with those who are nearest and should be dearest to them. Senora Palencia gave fully to Spain, to the causes of labor, women, education, and child welfare; but to her own family she was equally unstinting, because hers is an abundant nature. It is this nature, this character, as it is gradually revealed in "I Must Have Liberty," that gives quality and stature to a book that is often commonplace in its writing and sometimes baldly factual in its record.

Isabel de Palencia's "lot was harder to bear than those . . . in the midst of battle."

From "A Wanderer in Woodcuts," by H. Glintenkamp.

Much of the book is concerned, of course, with the war that was not a true civil war but a struggle against revolt and invasion. Señora Palencia saw most of this war from a distance, not because she desired to do so, but because she could best serve her country by serving abroad. With the exception of a few visits to Spain, she was condemned to follow the heroic successes and inevitable defeat of the Loyalist arms from her legation in Stockholm, where she was seeking to secure understanding and aid for a democracy that was being betrayed by other democracies, blind to their own imminent fates. Understanding was not lacking, but the giving of aid was forbidden by powers greater than Sweden. Isabel de Palencia's lot was harder to bear, perhaps, than that of those who found themselves in the midst of the battle; but it is inevitable that her story should lack the kindling excitement and communicative emotion that are found in the stories of the men and women who fought the war in Toledo and Barcelona and Madrid, at Guadalajara and at Teruel and at Figueras. She supplements our knowledge of the war, enables us to see it from a new and unfamiliar point of vantage, drives home again, by the recital of personal experience, the truth regarding the betrayal of Spain, that has been driven home to us so many times before. But Isabel de Palencia does not, can not, take us into the heart of the conflict.

What she does, despite her unfailing modesty, is to make us acquainted with a remarkable woman. Her book is worth knowing because through it we come to know her—and through her, who had a Scottish mother, to know a little more of Spain. But readers should not open "I Must Have Liberty" with the expectation that they are about to enjoy a literary and emotional experience comparable to that provided by "In Place of Splendor," written by Señora Palencia's friend, Constancia de la Mora.

The Old Aragon

A MAN'S PLACE. By Ramon J. Sender. Translated by Oliver LaFarge. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1940. 280 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

MR. SENDER, who played an active part in fighting against the Fascist revolution in Spain, has fortunately contrived to write a novel about his native Aragon during the fifteen years of 1910 to 1925, in which there is neither war nor rumors of war. Here is the old Spain, feudal and unlike any other country in Western Europe. Perhaps this simple story as seen through the eyes of a child throws such a light on the small community which the author describes as to make comprehensible the history of the late Spanish republic. Only in Spain could such a tale unfold.

What is the story? A man runs away, he is pursued and captured. He is a nonentity, but his action produces strange consequence. The Conservatives defeat the Liberals, Vincente and Juan are given the third degree until they confess to the imaginary crime of having killed Sabino, who ran away, an Enoch Arden situation arises, a Conservative boss is gravely injured, and a minor revolution stirs the countryside. Of these simple elements Ramon J. Sender has compounded a fiction in what might be described as words of one syllable—words which Oliver LaFarge has rendered in the most appropriate English. For those surfeited with endless tales of death in the afternoon and the siege of the Alcazar and Franco's war against democracy, this book will come as a relief.

Ramon Sender is now an exile in Mexico, but here is a nostalgic breath of the Spain that was and will forever be.

Ramon J. Sender has "compounded a fiction in . . . words of one syllable."

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A Panorama of Music

TWO REVIEWS BY PAUL HENRY LANG

MUSIC IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Gustave Reese. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1940. 502 *pp., with index.* $5.

ONE may search through bound volumes of *The Saturday Review*—or for that matter, all literary journals—without finding a single review of a monograph dealing with the music of the Middle Ages. This is assuredly a curious situation, for one can scarcely believe that the same men who built the mighty cathedrals, carved the wonderful bas-reliefs, wrote the imposing philosophical *summae,* and the graceful lyric poetry, were "primitive"—so we have been taught—when they sang, played their fiddles or their organs. Indeed not, for music was an integral part of the culture of this fantastic and dynamic period we call the Middle Ages.

Music demands a much more specialized study than the other arts and letters and it is not so readily accessible to the general public, but if we recall how medieval arts and letters were treated before the romantic revival in the nineteenth century—one should read Voltaire's condescending lines on Dante—we shall understand why music has just about reached the point of appreciation where phases of its history, lying outside the immediate boundaries of the restricted period cultivated by the international concert industry, can be treated at length. Mr. Reese's book is the first of its kind ever to be published by an American musicologist; more than that, it is the most authoritative modern essay on medieval music published in any language, paralleled only by Gérold's French monograph of recent date. Thus this reviewer feels that for this event he should proclaim a Flag Day in the field of musical literature, but since he also represents the teaching fraternity, perpetually embarrassed by the dearth of useful English language literature on the subject to assign to his students, he is tempted to declare Thanksgiving Day also, for now we can teach the history of music of the older centuries without sending the students to obsolete or superficial sources in English, or making them read the excellent but unpalatable Germanic dissertations.

With uncommon seriousness of purpose the author set out to organize the material in a strictly scientific manner. The work is preceded by an introduction on the music of classical antiquity, after which the great periods and schools of medieval music follow, discussed systematically and exhaustively yet with economy and conciseness of thought. The author's adherence to a minutely-organized plan, that of a thoroughly scientific exegesis of the great problems and issues of the music of the period, is remarkable to the point of being severe. He eschewed all that is merely conjectural or indirectly connected with his objectives, yet this mass of material, the result of painstaking research work and erudition, is presented in a lucid and readable form, in itself an achievement of the first order. Mr. Reese's devotion to his work is reflected in the externals of his book, well printed and illustrated. Finally, one must mention the well-nigh invaluable bibliography and a useful list of phonographic records. "Music in the Middle Ages" is the first major American contribution to musicology in decades and promises to remain a major work for a long time to come.

From the jacket of "Music in the Middle Ages."

THE RECORD BOOK. By David Hall. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1940. 771 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

PHONOGRAPHIC recordings have come to be a vital part of our musical life. Realizing the almost infinite possibilities—both artistic and business—the recording companies are ever increasing their output, which in the last few years reached truly phenomenal proportions. Such great activity, with the attendant rivalry, duplications, and high pressure advertising, not to speak of the often wretchedly poor pamphlets that accompany the albums, calls for guidance, heretofore supplied mainly by publications sponsored by the manufacturers. David Hall's volume purports to be the "first complete record book."

The author has done an impressive job and attained his aim of producing a very usable handbook for the private collector. While his listings cover domestic labels only, this is satisfactory in these times of virtual isolation, although naturally this fact somewhat limits his scope when it comes to less familiar items. The author's advice concerning equipment and its care, methods of purchasing, and, in general, all matters technical are excellent, as are the running comments relating to the technical part of recording and performance. They are less concrete and objective when they deal with the merit of the composition, the conductor, or the interpretation. There is a good index, with the addenda incorporated in it.

The preface expressly disavows any literary or historical claims "in any sense of the word"; nevertheless, a good many of the right hand pages of this seven hundred odd page volume are given to commentaries, historic and esthetic, running concurrently with the listings, properly challenging the literary and music critic. Again we hasten to say that the author's approach to music and its history is considerably above the usual run of "music appreciation," and in many instances he presents thoroughly modern ideas. But there are slips, due mainly to the brevity of his sketches and perhaps to the announced reluctance to attempt to trace the history of music. The preliminary histories of the various types of music are often faulty in their all too condensed form.

But there are also sensible and judicious remarks. Were it not for the

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importance of the volume one would not quarrel with the author, but his work is bound to have great influence on the rank and file of music lovers and we hope that a book which fills a great need can be purged of shortcomings. On the other hand, the obvious zest and enthusiasm of the author, his understanding and sympathetic attitude toward the music of past centuries, and his espousal of modern music will go a long way to minimize the occasional slips, and will inculcate a much sounder approach to recorded music, and to music itself, than is afforded in the releases of the recording companies or the inconsequential blabber of radio announcers.

Author, Author!

Antoine de Saint Exupéry ("Wind, Sand and Stars") has reached Lisbon, on his way to America. The author's observation plane was shot to pieces in action on the Western Front. He disappeared following the fall of France, and it took some months to establish contact with him and arrange his passage. . . . *Peter Fleming* ("Brazilian Adventure," "The Flying Visit") writes from London: "I am leading a strenuous but agreeable life. They have knocked over a good deal in London and I rather think my flat went last night; but they can hardly be said to be doing themselves much good." Mr. Fleming had been reported killed in Norway, but returned to join the home forces in England. . . . *Joseph Vogel* ("The Straw Hat") finds his novels very popular at the U. S. Penitentiary in Lewisburg, Pa. It's partly because the author is serving at the penitentiary, not as an inmate, but as an officer in the U. S. prison service. . . . *Charis Wilson Weston,* who wrote the text for the photograph's of her husband, Edward Weston, in "California and the West," is the daughter of Harry Leon Wilson. . . . *Agnes Newton Keith* ("Land Below the Wind") became the mother of a boy last April in Sandakan, North Borneo. She named him Henry George. Mrs. Keith's husband is Conservator of Forests and Director of Agriculture of North Borneo. . . . The *Hoffman Twins, Ruth and Helen* ("We Married an Englishman," "Our Arabian Nights") do not always dress alike. They caused surprise at a performance of "Kind Lady" some nights ago by wearing different clothes. They explained that they often do. The Hoffmans are just back from a lecture tour. They're working on a juvenile. . . . *Van Wyck Mason* is in Hollywood working on the scenario of his "The Bucharest Ballerina Murders."

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

Over the Burma Road

LAND OF THE EYE. By Hassoldt Davis. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1940. 415 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by RAYMOND HOLDEN

THERE are some people who have an incurable lust for travel, especially to out-of-the-way places. Hassoldt Davis is one of them and, fortunately for the reader, one of the upper class among them—the class of those who can write.

Not much more than a year ago Mr. Davis was preparing to go to Hollywood on contract. He got sidetracked by a telephone call from Armand Denis, explorer, husband of Leila Roosevelt, whose "Dark Rapture" was both a box office success and a stirring and beautiful motion picture record of a visit to the land of the pygmies in Africa. The Denis-Roosevelt expedition was this time on the way to the Burma Road to make a cinematographic record of China's back door war effort. Mr. Davis was given his choice. He could go to Hollywood and put his feet on a desk or to Burma and stick his feet in the mud. He chose the latter.

The Denis-Roosevelt Asiatic Expedition convened in Burma with splendid punctuality accompanied by two automobiles and a truck, but without permission to photograph activities on the Burma-Yunnan highway. While waiting for this permission, which never came—perhaps Mr. Soong of the Chinese Southwest Transportation Company remembered with fear and trembling the adventures of Mrs. Eileen Bigland who did get all the way up the Burma Road and has written about it in a forthcoming book "Indo China"—Mr. Davis's expedition took side trips into the wilds of Burma and Assam. Among the most important achievements were a visit to the hill Nagas of Assam and a trip on Lake Inle in the boats of a water tribe whose men propel their vessels by winding their legs around the oars. Mr. Davis's account of the ceremonial of the snake-worshippers (Nagas), including a remarkable performance by a native girl who cajoled and kissed a fourteen-foot king cobra, is very good reading and his photographs prove that it is something more than good writing.

The expedition never got very far on the Burma Road but, since that wild highway has been well and often described, what they finally did reach is far more important. The state of Nepal which lies between Tibet and India has long been a land of mystery to the general public—much more so than Tibet which with the exception of Lhasa is not difficult to visit. Mr. Davis's account of the expedition's fortunate adventures in the domain of the Maharajah of Nepal is a vivid and colorful account of the place and its people, and the extraordinary facts which this enthusiastic explorer has to report lose nothing at the hands of his imagination.

As a whole, Mr. Davis's book, however, is a little disappointing. The traveler is something of a barometer which registers atmospheric conditions wherever it is taken, but which only means anything when compared with a reading taken at some established base. Mr. Davis registers highs and lows with great gusto and charm, but the reader is left with the impression that he has not been in touch with his base. There is no real way of telling how high he has climbed.

Members of the Denis-Roosevelt expedition: John Kenney, Leroy G. Phelps, Armand Denis, Hassoldt Davis, Leila Roosevelt Denis.

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A Policy for the Americas

PAN AMERICA. By Carleton Beals. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1940. 545 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

MR. BEALS has few peers and no superiors when he describes Latin America, its people, its economy, its problems. And he has an enviable knowledge of modern technology, of the flow of raw materials over the world's trade routes, and of the complex structure of modern trade. In the present book, however, Mr. Beals has not confined himself to factual reporting and description, but has presented us with a comprehensive and sweeping political thesis.

Summarized, the thesis is somewhat as follows: International politics are power politics; ideologies don't count and are only the hypocritical garment behind which is concealed a naked struggle for raw materials. That has been so ever since man emerged from the caves, but has been greatly aggravated by the development of modern technology; and the present world conflict is again nothing but an unashamed, straightforward fight for control of the basic raw material.

The one and only difference between Great Britain and Germany is that Germany is doing now what Great Britain did a hundred years ago. In addition, Germany has discovered that it is not enough to have economic control of raw material sources; one must also have political control. In this discovery lies the strength of the present German Regime and the reason for its success. Unless other countries accept the same doctrine, they will be beaten.

The United States policy in such a situation cannot and must not be interventionist; both types of interventionist, the one based on ideology and the other one based on imperialism, are obsolete and miss the main point. Neither, however, can the United States be isolationist, since under modern technological conditions isolationism is impossible. Mr. Beals proposes, therefore, that this country develop a Pan American policy under which the Latin American countries be subsidized to produce those strategic raw materials which are lacking in the Western Hemisphere. But—and this is Mr. Beal's main point—such a program must not be imperialistic. While the United States should finance the expansion of raw material production south of the Rio Grande and should provide a market for those raw materials, it should not interfere politically or militarily into the affairs of its neighbors. Even the "good neighbor

A Caricature of Carleton Beals

policy" of the present administration appears to Mr. Beals to be far too imperialistic and likely to fill South America with new fear of Yankee aggression. What this country ought to do in order to create a united Western Hemisphere is to completely renounce all political and imperialistic aims.

It is obvious that Mr. Beals's program is inconsistent with his thesis. He wants this country to adopt the very economic policy which he condemns as hypocritical and ineffectual if attempted by any other power. Logically, on the basis of his analysis of power politics, Mr. Beals would have had to demand military and political imperialism in Latin America as the first program for the United States; for this is precisely what Mr. Hitler does.

This reviewer would be ready to forgive Mr. Beals all the inconsistencies had he succeeded in making out a good case for "political realism"; unfortunately, however, Mr. Beals's politics and economics are way behind his admirable factual knowledge in the raw material field. His theories are one-third Spengler, one-third Greenwich Village Marxism, and one-third that queer kind of romanticism which passes for realism amongst the young reporters in provincial city-desk rooms. But to say that everything is a racket and everybody is a racketeer is hardly a satisfactory basis for a permanent political program. In the final analysis, this is all Mr. Beals has to say on the great political problems of our time.

There is a real need for a consistent and clear analysis of United States policy on the basis of a genuine and well thought-out realism—something like the job E. H. Carr's "Twenty Years' Crisis" did for England two years ago. But Mr. Beals has not succeeded in writing it; he has not even tried.

China's Romantic Trading Era

CHINA TRADER. By Cornelia Spencer. New York: John Day Co. 1940. 362 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by T. A. BISSON

MACAO and the old Canton "factories" come to life again in this poignant tale of America's early trading days with China. The story itself is told with rare simplicity and power. It is deeply moving, and authentic in its portrayal of Chinese life and atmosphere, which have changed but little even after the lapse of a century. But the historical background has been transformed—strange that this romantic period has not been uncovered before by novelists. The pretreaty era in south China was an age in itself: of American rivalry with the East Indian Company; of trade in ginseng and furs, tea and sandalwood; of *Houqua,* the understanding and generous Chinese merchant prince; of Samuel Shaw, the first American consul to China; of cosmopolitan Macao; of Robert Morrison; of opium and opium smuggling; of the clipper ships.

Against this historical canvas, drawn with accuracy and a spare economy of means, Joan and Nathan Hathaway play out their tragic parts. The tragedy can be sensed at the beginning. It grows naturally out of Nathan's hard choice on the opium question, his enforced separations from Joan, and not least from his own character. As it develops, it becomes almost too unrelieved, despite its inevitability. More than a little of Galsworthy is reflected in the expert treatment of these characters, and in the naturalness of their growth and change. There can be no toning down the gorgeous movie scenario which the story will make; its emotional intensity will be even more effective on the screen than in the reading. Many of the secondary characters are as full-bodied and convincing as Nathan or Joan; the warm and loving Philippe; Dona Maria, wife of the Portuguese Governor; Lin Niang, the Chinese *amah.* Both for its story and its verisimilitude, this novel will bear comparison with Willa Cather's historical romances.

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Family of Frustration

LIGHT SONS AND DARK. By David Cornel DeJong. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 329 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

David Cornel DeJong

WHEN a novel like this comes along towering easily above the legion of competent novels crowding from our presses (and the general level of excellence in American fiction has seldom been so high as today), a reviewer is tempted to let caution go whistling down the wind and let loose a flood of Phelpsian superlatives. For DeJong's new novel is not an average mine-run affair. It is a beautifully written book of genuine distinction, rich in characterization, poignant in story, and skilful in design.

DeJong does not scorn the old device of pattern: his novel begins somewhere and arrives somewhere, although the framework is not obtrusive and there is no forcing of event to fill out design. It has a Hemingway-like firmness, but grace, vitality, and great warmth as well. He does not flinch before the cesspool, but he does not dunk his readers in it as does Faulkner when he is feeling inordinately sadistic. DeJong is a realist as well as a lover of beauty, and he is without illusions; but since fortunately he is disillusioned about evil as well as about goodness, the novel has no trace of cheap cynicism. For all the pain in this tense family story, it is strangely moving and cleansing.

"Light Sons and Dark" is the story of the almost complete degeneration of a family harassed by ill luck and a trivial hypocritical *pater familias*. Three sons are dark and cruel, insensate and cloddish, like the father; two sons are affectionate and imaginative like the mother. Economic distress and its attendant social debasement have brought out the worst in the family—their irritability, coarseness, and brutality. However, the great love of Ben and Joel and the mother for one another and their efforts to understand and save one another from a final collapse give a warmth and lift to this otherwise harrowing story of cross-purposes and frustration.

This is DeJong's third novel. Like most writers of fiction he began novel-writing with a thinly disguised autobiography, the story of Dutch immigrants who settle in Michigan—the author himself was born in Holland. Two years ago "Old Haven" received general critical acclaim, and now in "Light Sons and Dark" he reveals his true stature as a first-rate novelist.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

BOY GETS GIRLS

The gentlemen listed below are famous in the pages of fiction because they had the fortune to marry women who are even more famous than themselves. Can you recall the names of their better halves? Allowing 5 points for each wife correctly named, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers on page 23.

1. Rawdon Crawley.
2. John Ridd.
3. Mr. Rochester.
4. Roger Chillingworth.
5. Arthur Clennam.
6. Professor Bhaer.
7. Fitzwilliam Darcy.
8. Sir William Thornhill.
9. Erlend Nikulausson.
10. Lt. Benjamin Franklin Pinkerton.
11. Gaylord Ravenal.
12. Col. John Brereton.
13. Willard Holmes.
14. Michael Mont.
15. Angel Clare.
16. Denis de Beaulieu.
17. Archibald Carlyle.
18. William Latch.
19. Sam Evans.
20. Charles Hamilton.

Have you ever tried to

Stump the experts?

1. During what period did the American navy lose more officers in duels than in all its battles fought during those years?

2. Did General George Washington ever take any part in an "affair of honor"?

3. What President of the United States made use of a dueling technicality to murder his opponent in cold blood?

4. In what country was murder by invitation most universally practiced?

Here are the answers

1. Between 1798 and the Civil War.

2. Yes — the role of peacemaker on several occasions.

3. Andrew Jackson.

4. The United States of America.

PISTOLS AT TEN PACES

By WILLIAM OLIVER STEVENS

"Nearly every important duel of American history is here, accurately and spiritedly narrated."

The Saturday Review of Literature

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Tools for Literary Workers

CARL P. ROLLINS

THREE books have recently appeared which will be valuable tools for literary workers in three widely separated fields—early Americana of the English Colonial period, Goetheana, and Incunabula. They enrich our reference material, and testify to the ability of American scholars to carry on now that we are likely to be entirely dependent on native workers. Furthermore, the location and description of early printed books and of Goetheana available in the United States are important in view of the possible destruction of such books in Europe.

"Cotton Mather, a Bibliography of his Works," has been compiled by Mr. Thomas J. Holmes, librarian to Mr. William Gwynn Mather of Cleveland. His bibliography of Increase Mather appeared in 1931 in two thick volumes: the present work is in three. That it should take three volumes, or fourteen hundred pages, to record Cotton Mather's literary activity, together with appropriate illustrations and indexes, testifies to the diligence of both subject and compiler. The Rev. Dr. Cotton Mather, son of Increase, was no ordinary scribbler. In the forty-six years between receiving his M.A. from Harvard (at the age of eighteen) and his death in 1728, he had four hundred and forty-four works to his credit. He was interested in many phases of life in the Colony—witchcraft, smallpox innoculation, the morals of young men—and the history and legendary lore of the Massachusetts Bay region. And all his life he was a minister of the Congregational Church, preaching—and publishing—a steady stream of sermons. His best known work is the "Magnalia Christi Americana," a voluminous compendium of

> all wild and wondrous things
> Heaped up huge and undigested
> Like the chaos Ovid sings.

Despite the assertion that he "published more errors of carelessness than any other writer on the history of New England, which he professed to understand better than all of his contemporaries," he is the best known figure among the Brahmins of the Bay Colony.

The volumes have been carefully printed by the Harvard University Press, but the typographic arrangement is open to one objection. The attempt—not unusual—is made to indicate by capitals, italic, and other type devices, the involved composition of old title-pages. The results are spotty as to printing and inconclusive as evidence. It is better to use photo-zinc reproductions of the title-pages. In fact the book is supplied with a good number of such excellent facsimiles. The paper is good, and the small quartos are bound in half leather.

The four great Cotton Mather collections are, in order, those of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, the Boston Public Library, the McGregor-Mather at Cleveland, and the Massachusetts Historical Society at Boston. Holdings in these and other collections are indicated, and the indexing is complete.

It is a far cry from the Puritan priest to the sage of Weimar, but they both wrote a good deal! Professor Schreiber's catalogue of the William A. Speck Collection of "Goethe's Works with the Exception of Faust" lists some 2,500 items in various forms or editions. The Speck collection is one of the greatest of Goethe libraries, and its founder projected the catalogue which has now been formally launched by this first volume. Professor Schreiber prefaces the book with an appreciation of that demure, indefatigable Haverstraw druggist, William A. Speck, whose life passion was the gathering of Goethe items for the collection which he later presented to Yale University.

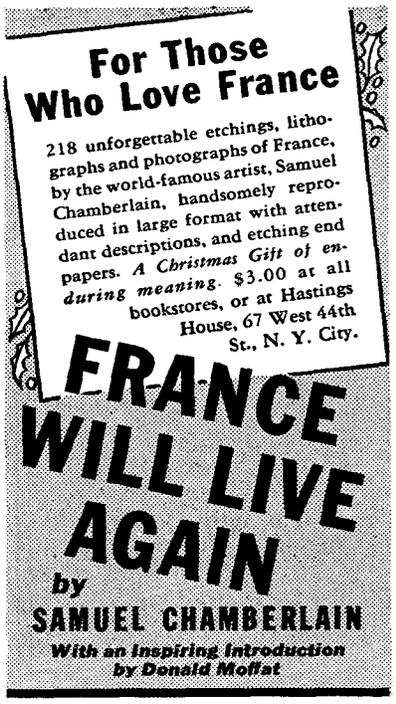
Not the least important part of the catalogue are the remarkable facsimiles—sixteen in number—of Goethe manuscripts and drawings. These collotype reproductions were made in Germany several years ago, and represent in their fidelity to the originals a remarkable group of documents. If "Goethe's course few sons of men may think to emulate," so few would have had the courage and persistency of William A. Speck.

The third of the literary tools to be mentioned is hardly to be relegated to a third paragraph in this short summary, but for that matter each of these books might easily have a monograph devoted to it. Miss Stillwell's "Incunabula in American Libraries" is a tidy little volume of over six hundred close packed, double column pages, listing the 11,132 titles of books printed before 1501 which are now in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. Of these titles there are some 35,000 copies; and their owners are listed and indexed in this census. The figures for the last census, that of 1919, were, respectively, 6,292 titles and 13,200 copies.

The study of incunabula is almost ritualistic, and its manuals are few. An English catalogue of Books in the British Museum, and the great German "Gesamtkatalog" are in preparation for many years, but have not made more than a fair start. When, if ever, they will be completed no one knows. But a century ago Ludwig Hain of Stuttgart published his "Repertorium Bibliographicum" which still holds first place as a guide to early printed books. Its classifications have been adopted for this present volume, and adequate cross references to Hain as well as the British and German catalogues are provided.

This census of American holdings of early printed books is in many ways almost a model volume, so far as physical characteristics make a book. A clear, sharp type face has been adopted: if it be objected that the face is rather light in weight it must be remembered that the American designers have not provided us with a really satisfactory medium weight type for use on the machines. The presswork, on soft, flexible paper, is solidly done. All details of the format are admirable. The book opens easily, has pleasant proportions, can be used with slight eye fatigue, and the reference symbols are easily understood. It is good to see an important reference book so well put together.

[The Cotton Mather bibliography is published by the Harvard University Press; the Goethe catalogue by the Yale University Press; and the Incunabula catalogue by the Bibliographical Society of America.]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With an Inspiring Introduction by Donald Moffat

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Radio Grows Up

FOURTEEN RADIO PLAYS. By Arch Oboler. New York: Random House. 1940. 257 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

RADIO has come of age. In November, 1940, domestic broadcasting passed its twentieth anniversary. A coincidental proof of this fact is the publication of a collection of radio plays by Arch Oboler, the first collection of works by a single radio writer ever to appear. Oboler, mind you, is no famous poet, novelist, or playwright who has merely turned to radio — he has written only for broadcast, and his prestige as a writer comes from that one field only. By this publication radio is at last formally—and deservingly—recognized as a field of letters.

During the childhood of radio, its literature was not taken seriously. Bad novels and worse plays were adapted for microphone presentation, but original works were tolerated rather than appreciated. In the absence of criteria, the fact of a story's having been published in book form, or in a magazine, or having had a stage production made for its excellence as radio fare. As for authors, a similar condition was, and still is true: a recognized author in any other field is better than a radio writer. Why? Because the recognized author can point to published works as proof of his talents, while the radio writer has no tangible proof. Again, the absence of critical standards.

Radio is a new form. Being a stimulus simply and directly to the ear, it is most like music in its impact, swifter and stronger than the plastic arts or the visual theater in its appeal to the senses, and depends first and primarily on the words—not the scene, not the color, not the movement, but only the words. Radio writers like Oboler, like Norman Corwin, John Latouche, Irving Reis, and a very few others are sensitive to this knowledge, and work simply with the word —the bare, naked word and its meaning. Because of this fact about radio, there will be wiser prophets, greater story tellers, and finer poets among us, but only when the public accepts them for their own worth, not for the glory reflected from their accomplishments in other fields. This acceptance will come, slowly perhaps, but certainly, for radio is now an adult instrument, standing side by side with the theater, the motion picture, the novel, the poem, and the pamphlet. This first volume of radio plays is tangible proof of this adulthood, and that the acceptance of it has begun.

JUST OUT

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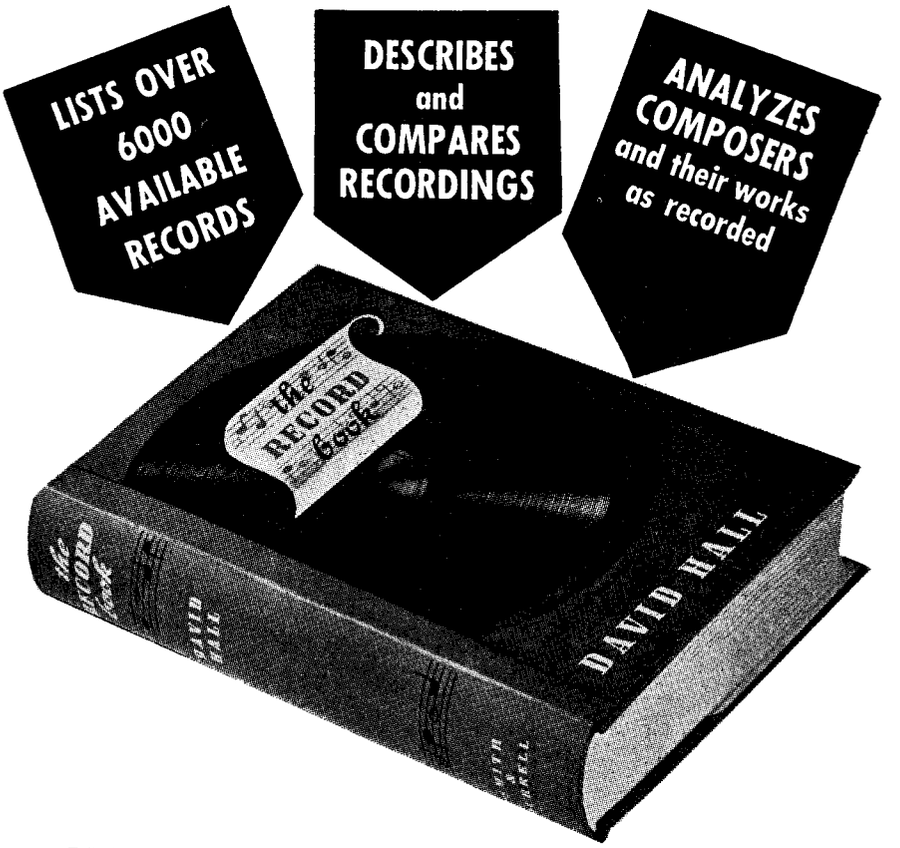
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Towards Spiritual Preparedness

THE GREAT HATRED. By Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1940. 209 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BARUCH BRAUNSTEIN

AS a peripatetic speaker I have followed Maurice Samuel in places he has lectured. In his wake are the stories I have come to expect about him as he grows into a tradition—characteristics of his wit, shrewdness, penetration, and, above all, his razor-edged tongue which cuts so quickly that the pain is felt only long after the slashing. Mr. Samuel's pen is as sharp as his tongue, and this book proves it. Each word is strong, impressing itself on the reader with the power of a hammerblow. It is a revelation in purposeful, passionate writing. The ideas here expounded are important, deserving close scrutiny, and their force is enhanced by their attractive garb, strong and moving prose. It should establish Mr. Samuel as a penetrating and constructive critic of the Western world and enhance his already considerable reputation as a writer competent to handle great ideas.

Mr. Samuel's thesis is profoundly revealing. Powerful organizations fostering better Jewish-Christian relations as a means of combatting anti-Semitism won't like his analysis for it will either put them out of business or force them to get new merchandise. These groups are fighting anti-Jewish prejudice. Whereas the real enemy is anti-Semitism that so far has not been touched, let alone defeated. They have made the ubiquitous and fateful error of believing that anti-Semitism is just another aberration of the mass mind that dislikes the unlike, or simply another minority problem, whereas, anti-Semitism, as Mr. Samuel sees it, is the movement seeking to put an end to the Christian episode in history by smashing at the Christ-giver, the Jew.

The "mad disparity" between the truth and the alleged part of the Jews in Western life, the universal acceptance of vicious and proven lies about Jews, the myth of Jews as enemies of mankind in order to gain world-mastery, added to the salient fact that the world refuses to recognize anti-Semitism for what it is—striking Christianity through Jews—and all the elements of world-conspiracy, cosmic doom, the diabolism attached to Jews as fearful creatures with unearthly powers have made a universal impression, and Nazism-Fascism are not their causes but effects. The Judeo-Christian is the Progressive, non-force philosophy in deadly opposition to Reactionism, the Nazi-Fascist force philosophy. Since the latter still fears the power of the Church, it wreaks its vengeance upon the Jews who bore Christ. Samuel, admits the attraction Nazism-Fascism has for lazy minds in a world demanding struggle, thinking, soul-searching by each person to make innumerable choices. But it must be resisted, as the fascination of an opiate. Appeasement is not only naive, but sheer madness for confusing the whole for one of its parts, the end for a means thereto. Resist the madness in two ways, Samuel insists. First, a clear and honest recognition of anti-Semitism for what it is—the leverage for destroying once and for all times the Judeo-Christian Progressive non-force idea in human affairs.

Second resist the madness by plucking out the beam in your own eye first. Mr. Samuel holds the mirror up to the Western world and the sight is not lovely to behold. He believes the Western world has always though secretly hated Christ and the Christian Message or the Christ-givers would not have been singled out for such persistent and acrimonious hatred against which neither truth nor any other suggested remedies have ever for long prevailed.

This book is in the great tradition of universalism of the Hebrew prophets. They excoriated, they burned with righteous passion but only to cleanse and purify and so save the world from destruction. If Mr. Samuel is listened to, his book will become a first-rate weapon in the program of spiritual and moral preparedness of the American people for the struggle he believes is inescapable.

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PICKING THE AUTHOR'S BRAINS

(*Continued from page* 4)

awarded all of the enormous profits from the play. This ruling rested on the principle that where a man—in this case Armstrong—is judged guilty of stealing material which he merges with his own so that he can't separate what is stolen from what is lawfully his, he must stand to lose the proceeds of the entire combination.

The decision in "The Heir to the Hurrah" case, back in 1910, by the Circuit Court of Appeals, has ever since proved troublesome. It was left for the United States Supreme Court in the spring of 1940 to approve a formula for mitigating its drastic effect. The case, that of Edward Sheldon and Margaret Ayer Barnes against Metro-Goldwyn Pictures Corporation and others, was critical for the motion picture industry and bitterly contested. The Sheldon-Barnes play was founded upon the celebrated trial in Scotland in 1857 of Madeleine Smith for the murder of her lover. The court proceedings were of course public property; anyone was at liberty to use this material freely. The Sheldon-Barnes play was submitted for screening to Metro-Goldwyn; negotiations followed, the asking price for the rights was $30,000. The deal, however, fell through. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes had written a novel, called "Letty Lynton," also around the Madeleine Smith murder case; Metro-Goldwyn bought the film rights and subsequently produced "Letty Lynton" as a talkie, with Joan Crawford playing the lead. It seemed at once that important elements of the Sheldon-Barnes script had found their way to the screen. But how much? And how vital was the purloined matter to the defendants' work? They stoutly disclaimed having used anything that wasn't either free for all or in Mrs. Lowndes's novel.

But the court, disagreeing, found they had "deliberately lifted the play"; that their "borrowing was a deliberate plagiarism." A master, appointed to assess the profits, followed the decision in Dam against Le Shelle; he gave over one-half million dollars to Sheldon and his collaborator, though they had been ready to sell all the profits for $30,000. The Circuit Court of Appeals, much to the relief of the picture companies, limited the decision in the Dam case to its special facts. While again condemning the plagiarism, it decided that Metro-Goldwyn had a right to show by expert testimony the unique values it had supplied. These values the court, in fairness to both sides, estimated as about four-fifths and accordingly gave Sheldon-Barnes $100,000 instead of $500,000 originally awarded; at that, still over three times their original asking price.

This finding the United States Supreme Court has since affirmed unani-

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mously. Chief Justice Hughes, in his opinion, stressed as factors in the creation of profits the drawing power of the star, whose reputation was responsible for its popularity; the artistic conceptions of the scenario writer and others; "the expert supervision and direction of the various processes which made possible the composite result with its attractiveness to the public."

The Copyright Act, of course, is not confined to novels, plays, and films. It covers all types of literature, biography, history, science; in fact, any intellectual product reduced to writing. It covers music, sculpture, painting, and the allied arts. Illustrations of invasion rights might be indefinitely extended. The Copyright Act, which has been amended repeatedly, is a patchwork and therefore far from a consistent and comprehensive instrument of justice. The last complete revision was made over thirty years ago. Kreymborg lost his case against Durante because protection against public performance or delivery of copyrighted works is afforded only in the case of a "lecture, sermon, address or similar production, a drama, or a musical composition." Ths court reluctantly decided that the public repetition of a poem was not one of the listed prohibitions.

Such distinctions and refinements indicate the need, in the eyes of copyright specialists, of scientific revision of the Copyright Act to make it more justly workable, and to bring it up to date with modern technical invention in the arts.

The Insides of Fascism

NEITHER LIBERTY NOR BREAD. Edited by Frances Keene. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 388 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN

THIS commentary on Fascist Italy, composed by forty-two Italians in exile, possesses both the advantages and the weaknesses of the symposium. It introduces the reader to a number of prominent Italian intellectuals, including such scholars and writers as Gaetano Salvemini, Ignazio Silone, Guiseppi Borgese, and Max Ascoli. It proves with an abundance of documentation that fascism, like the other expressions of the totalitarian states, national socialism and communism, is implacably hostile to free creative thought. It is safe to say that intellectuals furnish a higher percentage of the prisoners and exiles of all the totalitarian states than any other class in the community.

What one misses in the book are the elements of synthesis and integration. There is no connected thread of narrative covering the development either of pre-fascist or of fascist Italy. And the work suffers from an almost inevitable handicap of migré literature: absence of first-hand knowledge of Italy during the last few years. Mr. Ascoli gives an adequate brief survey of the Italian press and universities under fascism; but one looks in vain for a thorough analysis of Mussolini's state, of its political institutions, of its economy and financial devices, of how its machine of propaganda and terrorism works in specific detail. There is one interesting letter, not an optimistic one, incidentally, from an anti-fascist Italian who secretly revisited the country; but this is too short to answer the many questions to which one would like to have answers, apart from those provided by official fascist propagandists.

Professor Salvemini takes up a subject of considerable topical interest when he discusses the attitude of the four million Americans of Italian origin and unnaturalized Italians who reside in this country. He asserts that Italian Consulates in this country, under the guise of cultural propaganda, are organizing fascist activities on the radio, in the newspapers, in schools, churches, and social bodies with a predominantly Italian membership. He believes that "out-and-out fascists" constitute about five per cent of the Italian population, who attract about thirty-five per cent of the remainder, "people with a mentality which has not yet clearly become fascist and anti-democratic but which might crystallize at the first emergency."

One of the most moving documents in the book is the last letter of Lauro de Bosis, the poet who, in the true spirit of Garibaldi, took off from France in an airplane in order to scatter anti-fascist leaflets over Rome. He was never heard of afterwards.

There is also some useful historical material about the rise of fascism. Ignazio Silone makes the useful point that fascism was primarily a movement not against revolutionary communism, but against reformist socialism and against the trade-unions and agricultural coöperatives which were especially numerous in the valley of the Po. But the need for an authoritative historical and contemporary description of fascism in theory and practice remains unfilled.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE DEADLY SUNSHADE *Phoebe Atwood Taylor* (Norton: $2.)	Two dangerously close gun shots, and pair of envenomings, prove to Asey Mayo that all's not well in Cape Cod.	Some ludicrous stuff about super-patriotic women, a pair of hard-to-solve murders, and customary dry Mayo wit.	Very nice
NINE LIVES ARE NOT ENOUGH *Jerome Odlum* (Sheridan House: $2.)	Reporter, investigating violent death of Minneapolis "unknown," pries lid off plot that brings second death before cornered killer tells all.	Proceeds along well-ordered "tough guy" lines to unusually long and extraordinarily lucid death-bed revelations. In between plenty happens.	Six minute egg
THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT *Cedric Worth* (Dutton: $2.)	Suspicious death of wealthy aunt speeds Insp. Sevrel to Pacific coast where demise of cultist and long-distance chase follows.	Neat game of cross purposes deftly played by sprightly characters, with pay-off that is logical if a bit tame.	Swift and sinuous
MURDER GOES TO BANK NIGHT *W. C. Clarke* (Hale, Cushman & Flint: $2.)	Fatal skewering of prize winner panics Penna. theatre audience and gives police-reporter-turned-teacher chance to strut his stuff.	Considerable amount of good material carelessly hurled around, with leading character's blithe humor redeeming story to appreciable extent.	Fair

"Glittering," says *Will Cuppy*— "Chilling and engrossing," says *William Boehnel* — "Eminently exciting," says *Jack Ketch* — of

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Bridges and Bradley

CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT BRIDGES AND HENRY BRADLEY: 1900-1923. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 187 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ANDREW J. GREEN

THE interest of the letters of Robert Bridges and Henry Bradley is chiefly parasitical, and lies much less in their content than in the personalities of the men who wrote them. Juxtaposing in random confusion domestic news with brief critical observations, they afford an intimate glimpse into the lives, minds, and activities of two men who, as the anonymous editor remarks in a prefatory note, were "not more impressive by their intellectual versatility than by their purity of heart." Easy and informal, and yet distinctive in their careless natural elegance, these letters are the products of talent or of genius in repose.

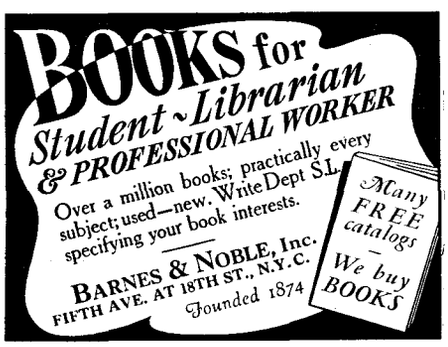
In serious subject matter they deal with the minutiae of the highly specialized interests and activities of their writers, and chiefly of those of Bridges. His experiments in quantitative verse in English, his invention of a phonetic font, his accession to the Laureateship, his concern for spelling reform and for a sounder pronunciation of Latin, his organization of the Society for Pure English, and his postwar overtures for intellectual rapprochement with German scholars, all form a helpful supplementary record. They are also of value in helping to fill a biographical void, for Bridges proscribed biography in his will; and they form with his memoir of Digby Mackworth Dolben, from which something of Bridges's youthful days at Eton and Oxford may be guessed, and with the "Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges" (edited by C. C. Abbott), which cover the years 1865 to 1889, one of the three chief sources of information about the poet. In addition, since the Bridges's side of the Hopkins letters is missing, they comprise virtually all of the poet's correspondence as yet available to the reading public.

That "a few omissions have been judged necessary" is regrettable. It is possible, though Bradley's congratulatory note on page 124 is not necessarily a response, that Bridges may have written a letter with interesting comment upon his acceptance of the Laureateship. Another missing letter by Bridges, between Bradley's letters of June and July, 1904, on pages 51 to 53, may have contained illuminating remarks upon the interpretation of his mask "Demeter." If so, the lacuna is grave; for to reject both Bradley's hypothesis, that the Cave of Cacophysia represents "the intellectual doom of evil will," and the parallel hypothesis that the two visions of the mask are essentially symbolic representations of the Kantian choice (of two self-consistent hypotheses, reason compels us to choose the nobler), where no other consistent and significant interpretation has been advanced, is to deprive the mask of great metaphysical depth and beauty.

Bradley's letters to Bridges, though always modest and frequently deferential, repeatedly confirm W. A. Craigie's estimate in the "Dictionary of National Biography" of the man who from 1915 until his death in 1923 held the post of senior editor of the "New English Dictionary": "He possessed intellectual powers which transcended the ordinary bounds of scholarship and partook of the brilliancy of genius." His was a cogent mind, as rich in spiritual as in purely intellectual resources, and capable of a profundity the more striking because it seems so casual. The lexicographer and philologist, if indeed he did not surpass, matched the poet point for point in intellectual depth and power; and his intuitive penetration stands up well against Bridges's brilliant faculty of precise if sometimes pedantic discrimination and his egregious power of invention.

This volume is but one among hundreds of volumes of letters possessing at best only a supplementary utility, and therefore fated to only modest fame and favor, for the subject-matter is too recondite to be of wide appeal: but readers with any special interest in either Bridges or Bradley can feel only delight and gratitude for its appearance.

Andrew J. Green is an instructor in English at the University of Michigan, where he completed his work for the doctorate in 1939 *with a dissertation on Robert Bridges.*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SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 351)

DOROTHY THOMPSON

ODE TO REASON

The only conceivable source of culture and learning, the only possible spring of real progress, is in freedom of mind to continue in a search for these universally valid conceptions—truth, morality, social justice, and beauty.

(Courtesy of the *New York Herald Tribune*)

Yeats to Wellesley

LETTERS ON POETRY from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THERE is no more rewarding exercise, for student or plain reader of poetry, than the comparison of the early drafts of a good poem with the final text. In this book Lady Wellesley has provided a wealth of useful material, for here, in process of construction, are many of the last poems, some of which are Yeats at his best. As interesting as any is the Lover-Lady-Chambermaid cycle, whose established text appears in "Last Poems and Plays." The ballad of "The Three Bushes" is traced from its beginning. Lady Wellesley herself tries her hand at it, achieving only that curiously irritating glibness that is peculiar to the Yeats-struck versifier:

O you are wild for love of me
And I with love am wild,

and so on. "Yet what you send me," Yeats retorts, "is bad"; and greatly to our profit, he proceeds to show her in detail the ways in which her verses are bad. Then there is his own fine development of the theme; and surely the reader who takes the pains to compare this draft with that of "Last Poems" will have profited from the discipline of a complete little course in poetry.

Less useful, though no less entertaining, is the superb talk in Yeats's non-technical letters. Petulant, incisive, speculative, whimsical, trivial, profound—he is everything but dull. It is especially interesting to observe the twin strains of sexuality and snobbishness, which seemed to become more marked in him as he grew older. That "wild old wicked man," "mad about women," was never more sexual than here; and his taste for titles and for titled ladies—a taste which jeopardized even some of his best poems ("A Prayer for My Daughter," for instance)—accounts for many an amusing incongruity in these letters. Both of these qualities seem rather to dazzle his correspondent; and while it was necessary, as she points out, to print portions of her letters in order that his might be intelligible, it seems a pity that she did not edit them. Where Yeats is perfectly at ease, she is frequently forced and not a little obtuse; and there is an infuriating feminine complacency about her that reaches almost divine heights of absurdity in the epitaph which, "fearing emotion, and hoping he would wish it," she made, "standing by his grave":

In this little town of men
Who withstood the Saracen,
With Byron, Shelley, and with Keats
Let us now give praise for Yeats.

It is hard to say which is the worst feature of this mortuary bijou.

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Records in Review

EDWARD T. CANBY

IN this day of phonograph records the concertos of J. S. Bach are subject to a kind of distortion which that master could scarcely have imagined—that of being squeezed like toothpaste through an eight-inch loudspeaker. For the very life blood of these works is that aural and visual perspective so inevitably associated with the intimacy of the chamber orchestra. Who can forget that marvelously witty passage in the flesh-and-blood (not canned) 3rd Brandenburg where a short but difficult motive moves like an eddy of wind across the orchestra, the sudden flurry of violin bows marking its progress to the eye? On records, bereft of perspective, this becomes merely monotonous repetition. The recording by Musicraft of two Concertos for Two Harpsichords (Mus. 46; $6.50) suffers in this way, despite contrasts of registration in the two instruments. The eighteenth century criticism of Bach as "turgid and confused" seems applicable though Bach lovers will hardly be daunted. Both concertos are transcriptions, by Bach, of concertos for two violins, the first the well-loved D minor, which remains a better work in the original.

★ ★

The present doings of the incredible Benny Goodman are an indication of what music is coming to these days—and a reassuring augury for the future. This gentleman is becoming one of our finest clarinetists, playing with the world's greatest artists, yet his activities in the jazz world continue unabated. And why not? . . . Bela Bartok's *Contrasts,* played by Goodman, Szigeti, and Bartok (Col. X-178; $2.50) is Modernism of the most caustic brand, beautifully recorded. Szigeti's violin is purposely mistuned; Goodman produces superior fireworks. The music has a good deal of substance, underneath the caustic, though you may doubt it at first. . . . Barlow's recording with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony of Schubert's Second Symphony (Col. M-420; $3.50) should help dispel the nineteenth century brand of wishful thinking that labels the early Schubert and Beethoven works "Mozartean," perhaps because they don't display the proper amount of tragedy, tearing of hair, gnashing of teeth. Only a superficial listener could call this symphony in any significant way Mozartean; to me it is redolent of Schubert—a young but incredible genius who here at eighteen years shows most of the traits of style, the peculiarities of formal technique that were to be found in his later works. The dashing, sparkling gaiety of this work is as characteristic of the whole Schubert as the over-publicized Romanticism of the last symphonies. If you don't know the gay Schubert, better get acquainted. Publicity for Mr. Toscanini's NBC Orchestra has obscured the quiet rise to near top rank of Mr. Barlow's orchestra, whose recent recording can boast a balance of interpretation, performance, and recording not always found in the work of better-known orchestras.

★ ★

A balloon that needs mild pricking is the much touted excursion into National music of the New York Museum of Modern Art. The album of Mexican music (performed recently at the museum) under the direction of Carlos Chavez (Col. M-414; $4.50) contains interesting music and entertaining, but the contents can hardly be classed with the Mexican art shown by the museum. The four "arrangements" and two "originals" are neither fish nor fowl, a half-authenticated mixture of present-day popular tunes, primitive folk music and sophisticated quasi-dissonant composition, for voices, conventional orchestra, and assorted prehistoric musical instruments. Mr. Chavez's "attempt to reconstruct the general sound" of a prehistoric Aztec ensemble is dubious antiquarianism. I find little of musical value except the haunting but over-arranged *La Paloma Azul,* a 19th century tune set by Mr. Chavez for chorus and orchestra.

[A *Pensive Persecution* submitted for the Pulitzer Prize for the MOST MODEST BLURB of 1940.]

ONCE every year even the most tranquil blood may dangerously sparkulate . . . and as HENRI DE MONTHERLANT says, *On ne fait un chef d'oeuvre qu'avec ses nerfs. . . .*

SO, under the Mistletoe, B. M., gallantly saluted C. S.—the sight was so charming that a member of the Editorial Staff, idling near, was moved to perpetuate it in India ink. . . .

FOR to Whom, if not to C. S., the *Charter Subscribers,* who have made this magazine possible, does B. M. (THE BUSINESS MANAGER) pay his homage due? And to Whom but C. S. would B. M. confide his secret pleasure in the good stuff the next year's issues will contain. . . .

THE picture is only a clumsy offhand imitation of one of VERA WILLOUGHBY'S enchanting drawings, published in London by PETER DAVIES . . . but it suggests the pretty episode. . . .

MORE than an episode, though, for after the obeisance (or whatever it was) C. S., blushing slightly, found that B. M. had left in her hand a dainty little scalloped paper saying:

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, $4.00 a Year, but C. S. can renew, at the rate of $7 for 2 years. Write to B. M., SRL, 420 Madison Avenue, N. Y. C.

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THE NEW BOOKS

Belles Lettres

PAGEANT OF LETTERS. By Alfred Noyes. Sheed & Ward. 1940. 356 *pp.* $2.50.

This ingathering of presidential addresses and, apparently, of reviews, is more important than most books of its class. Mr. Noyes brings exceptional qualifications as a critic. For a poet, he is an uncommonly good scholar; for a scholar, he is an uncommonly good poet.

Chaucer, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton are treated rather briefly, but perceptively—Marlowe in a debunking spirit which is perhaps long overdue. Dr. Johnson and James Thompson are the eighteenth century subjects. With Dr. Johnson the markedly catholic point of view which dominates the book fully manifests itself.

In the nineteenth century, essays on Shelley, Landor, Emerson, Post, Swinburne, and Alice Meynell enlist the author's full enthusiasm. George Meredith is dismissed with faint praise. Dickens, Browning, Whitman, Stevenson, and Aldrich are treated sympathetically but somewhat fleetingly. A final essay on Poetry and Reality invites the reader to transcendental realms, where for at least one reader, the air is rather thin and not too luminous.

To lifelong readers, who hold their tastes subject to revision, this book may be confidently recommended. For the unread person or the beginner it is caviar. F. J. M., Jr.

Biography

A VICTORIAN REBEL: The Life of William Morris. By Lloyd Wendell Eshleman. Scribners. 1940. 386 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

William Morris once said that he recognized in himself six different personalities. Each of these Morrisses would need a lot of space for comfortable treatment, but Mr. Eshleman billets them all in one volume. Naturally there isn't much lebensraum for each. The scale on which the author has had to operate is suggested by the fact that the Kelmscott Press must be disposed of in three or four pages. Else there would not be space for even the most cursory attention to Morris as poet, architect, painter, fancier of manuscripts, and illuminator of texts, designer of furniture, business man, medievalist, and amateur of socio-political movements—not to mention Morris the friend of Burne-Jones, the admirer of Ruskin, the colleague of D. G. Rossetti, the husband of "the most beautiful woman in England," and voyager to Iceland. Without completely neglecting any important facet of his subject, Mr. Eshleman tends to stress Morris as an observer of society and as a sort of liaison officer seeking to establish rapport between the arts and man's daily life. Nor does he fail to note Morris's prophetic intuitions touching the evolution of a competitive society. Thus Morris viewed with dismay the "increasingly rapid rate of speed in the mechanization of industry," for he foresaw its probable consequence in "the rise of gigantic business enterprises which will cause periodic starvation, imperialism and world war." Not all these matters are handled with equal skill in the present volume. Mr. Eshleman excels in recording the elementary external facts of Morris's life. He is least effective in a so-called "epilogue" in which he grapples with the derivation and direction of Morris's ideas: here he is cloudy in thought and inept in expression. In general the substance of this book is better than its articulation. Except in details, "A Victorian Rebel" can hardly supersede earlier studies of Morris. A. C.

JUST PUBLISHED!

THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF POETRY

By Anne Hamilton

"During recent years many books have been written on the craft of poetry. Each year brings new and improved works to interpret this difficult art. In my opinion THE SEVEN PRINCIPLES OF POETRY is the best book, to date, on this subject. It is authoritative, yet not so technical as to be non-understandable. It is interesting and may be read as an introduction to the understanding of modern poetry and poetry in general. It is practical and complete. . . . All verse writers could profit by a careful study of its principles." Miriam Whitney White, *Albany Times-Union.*

298 Pages **$2.50**

THE WRITER, INC., *Publishers*

8 Arlington Street **Boston, Mass.**

Fiction

THE ROAD TO ENDOR. By Esther Barstow Hammond. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 434 *pp.* $2.75.

In the latter part of the seventeenth century — specifically, between 1653 and 1692, the years of this novel—Salem was hunting its witches. The power of the Evil One was being discussed on the campus of Harvard College. Cotton Mather was writing his diaries in his study, recording the evidence he had found, of witchcraft. Samuel Sewall had not yet repented of his approval of the witch trials. Judge Hathorne, grandfather to Nathaniel, was persecuting his Quakers, and old Tituba was practising her voodoo. Sarah Good and Giles Corey and little Ann Putnam were being convicted of putting the curse on innocent Puritans. All of this forms only part of the pattern of Mrs. Hammond's novel, which reaches from London to Endor. Some of it has already become literature, notably Hathorne and Corey and the diaries of Mather and Sewall. It would take a mighty novel indeed to make good use of this rich store of American history, and "The Road to Endor" is not a mighty novel. It is an ambitious one, which is rather embarrassed by the riches it embraces. Mrs. Hammond mentions more material than she can develop, and falls back finally upon her hero, Samuel Parris, who is dwarfed by his looming background. If Mrs. Hammond had cut off one corner of her picture and labored there, she would have had color and character enough to make her book with. N. L. R.

FOR OUR VINES HAVE TENDER GRAPES. By George V. Martin. Wilfred Funk. 1940. 239 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is a somewhat frail first novel that lives up to the tenderness and delicacy of its verbose and trochaic title, but fortunately not to its threatened mawkishness. As in many another recent American novel attention is focused on a tiny area of American life for a brief period—in "For Our Vines Have Tender Grapes" on a Norwegian farming community in Wisconsin during one year of the Constance Talmadge-flinch-high laced shoes era. The events of the year, the family and neighbors, the life of the community, and the sliding by of the months and seasons are seen through the eyes of a nine-year-old girl, Selma Jacobson.

Here is a book for those readers who yearn occasionally for a cheerful, pleasant story that is not insipid or saccharine. R. A. C.

CLAUDIA AND DAVID. By Rose Franken. Farrar & Rinehart. 1940. 307 *pp.* $2.50.

The countless readers whom "Claudia" delighted will be glad to welcome back Miss Franken's dizzy heroine, as scatter-brained a wife-and-mother as you can find in fiction. Beginning with a Hollywood triumph, scored by virtue of having bought a seven hundred and ninety-five dollar dress for which she thought she was paying seven dollars and ninety-five cents, Claudia continues her high-wire act through a series of episodes which, if not exactly characteristic of "young-married" life, at least are not dull. David, her architect husband, the children, the servant problem, spiritualism, and even lunch with Another Man are for Claudia continual sources of wonder, amazement, and confusion. Her view of life can only be compared with that of Daisy Ashford: hers is the same remarkable blend of astonishment at the commonplace and casual acceptance of the fantastic. Even when she decides that she is "stagnating," Claudia manages to have a pretty good time. And Miss Franken's readers will, too. F. S.

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Miscellaneous

THE SECRET FRONT. By Paul Gallico. Knopf. 1940. 381 *pp.* $2.50.

This book is swift, current, clear, and light as a feather. Straight out of the headlines of the early days of the war, Paul Gallico has assembled these further adventures of Hiram Holliday, his newspaper copyreader who burst through his green eyeshade to emerge as a johnny-on-the-spot at all the exciting moments.

The photographers have a word for it. It is montage. You can see the author starting out with a handful of clippings about the sinking of the *Athenia*, the torpedoing of the *Royal Oak* at Scapa Flow, the Hon. Unity Freeman-Mitford, and the premature death of General von Fritsch. Mounting them side by side, Mr. Gallico has sketched in a connecting thread of plot and personal narrow escapes and somehow the thing hangs together. It is, in fact, a story.

The names and incidents although sprayed with a thin coat of protective coloration are pleasantly recognizable and demonstrate effectively that truth is stranger than fiction. After a static thirty-page wind up the story shifts into blitz speed and rolls along without let or hindrance to an amiable finish. If only the season were summer, it would make perfect hammock reading.

G. B.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Rebecca Sharp, in "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray.
2. "Lorna Doone," by Richard Blackmore.
3. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte.
4. Hester Prynne, in "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne.
5. Amy Dorrit, in "Little Dorrit," by Dickens.
6. Jo March, in "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott.
7. Elizabeth Bennet, in "Pride and Prejudice," by Jane Austen.
8. Sophia Primrose, in "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Goldsmith.
9. "Kristin Lavransdatter," by Sigrid Undset.
10. Cho-Cho-San, in "Madame Butterfly," story by John Luther Long, play by David Belasco, opera by Giacomo Puccini.
11. Magnolia Hawks, in "Show Boat," by Edna Ferber.
12. "Janice Meredith," by Paul Leicester Ford.
13. Barbara Worth, in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," by Harold Bell Wright.
14. Fleur Forsyte, in "To Let," by John Galsworthy.
15. Tess Durbeyfield, in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," by Thomas Hardy.
16. Blanche de Maletroit, in "The Sire de Maletroit's Door," by R. L. Stevenson.
17. Isabel Vane, in "East Lynne," by Ellen Price Wood.
18. "Esther Waters," by George Moore.
19. Nina Leeds, in "Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill.
20. Scarlett O'Hara, in "Gone With The Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.

Double-Crostics: No. 352

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

1- X	2- O	3- N		4- X	5- K	6- E	7- O		8- L	9- A	10- G		11- G	12- W	13- J	14- V
15- Q	16- K	17- Y	18- D		19- S	20- D	21- A		22- H	23- O	24- N		25- A	26- B	27- G	
28- E	29- L	30- I	31- P		32- R	33- K	34- I	35- Q	36- B	37- W		38- U	39- E	40- D		41- L
42- X	43- W	44- I	45- U	46- N	47- Q		48- A		49- R	50- S	51- W	52- H		53- R	54- L	55- E
56- N	57- G		58- W	59- J	60- K	61- M	62- S	63- E	64- D	65- Q		66- O	67- S	68- F	69- K	70- C
71- E	72- X		73- E	74- U	75- P	76- G	77- S		78- T	79- X	80- W	81- O	82- S		83- Y	84- X
85- Q	86- T	87- F	88- I	89- C	90- U		91- G	92- L		93- U	94- F	95- T	96- V	97- X	98- K	99- C
	100- G	101- C	102- B	103- E		104- K	105- Y	106- B	107- G	108- H		109- C	110- W	111- V	112- Y	113- Q
114- T	115- I	116- R	117- N		118- R	119- O	120- S	121- W	122- Y	123- X	124- U	125- E	126- D	127- N	128- I	
129- A	130- S	131- I	132- B		133- X	134- H	135- G	136- M	137- I		138- Y	139- V	140- S	141- W	142- A	143- R
	144- F	145- J	146- L	147- D	148- E	149- S		150- U	151- Q	152- B	153- X		154- A	155- P	156- H	
157- B		158- N	159- Y	160- W	161- A	162- H	163- V		164- P	165- E	166- C		167- J	168- Q	169- S	
170- M	171- L		172- B	173- M		174- K	175- C	176- W	177- T	178- D	179- H	180- X		181- O	182- V	183- B
184- K	185- R	186- M	187- G	188- E												

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1938 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. English-born American signer of the Declaration of Independence.
B. Cannibalism within the tribe or family.
C. Shakesperean heroine.
D. Subject of drama by Schiller.
E. One who travels widely for pleasure (comp.)
F. Ardor, dash (Fr.)
G. Come to nothing (3 wds.)
H. Dormer-window.
I. With word "M", what Walpole named Goldsmith.
J. Hodge-podge.
K. Constitutional Amendment of 1933.
L. Go away, especially in absconding (2 wds.)
M. With word "I", what Walpole named Goldsmith.
N. Heroine of one of the "Idylls of the King."
O. Scene of English mutiny in India (1857).
P. Holy Roman Emperor, 962-73.
Q. Inclining the head quickly, slightly, or frequently.
R. Formulated in the mind.
S. Having many aspects (comp.)
T. Priestly dress; surplice.
U. Rub or scour to brightness.
V. Cut or shaped with a lathe.
W. Novel by Dickens (2 wds.)
X. Celebrated Latin hymn set to music by Rossini and others (2 wds.)
Y. Breaches or states of strife between groups.

WORDS

154	129	48	9	142	21	25	161					
106	132	172	183	102	26	157	36	152				
166	109	70	101	99	175	89						
20	178	147	126	64	40	18						
188	6	39	28	148	55	125	165	73	103	71	63	
68	144	94	87									
27	57	10	107	187	76	11	91	100	135			
162	179	156	134	52	108	22						
34	88	30	44	115	137	131	128					
167	13	145	59									
184	174	16	60	69	5	98	104	33				
146	8	41	29	171	54	92						
136	61	186	173	170								
158	117	46	56	3	24	127						
81	2	181	7	119	23	66						
155	31	164	75									
15	151	85	65	168	113	35	47					
116	185	53	118	143	49	32						
67	82	120	140	50	130	77	19	149	62	169		
78	95	177	86	114								
38	124	93	150	45	90	74						
182	111	139	96	163	14							
141	110	12	51	43	80	176	58	121	37	160		
153	180	84	1	79	123	4	97	133	42	72		
17	112	105	159	122	83	138						

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TRADE WINDS

P. E. G. QUERCUS ASSOCIATES

I, Natura, Sequar

If mountains rise which no geographer
Has taken altitude of and great pools
Too arctic for the farthest-faring fools
And even the prospectors can deter,
Why not, behind the barricade of words
Which is philosophy, may not there be
Some pattern planned with amiability
As shut to men as open to birds?

Now solitary on the piebald beach
The sandpiper long-nosed and elegant
Lifts his thin leg, a second out of reach
And dry before the sea's high tide of cant.
All unabashed, with brown and beady eye,
He scans the threatening promise of the sky.

HUGH WESTERN.

THE Quercus Associates await with interest the New Year's premiere of RKO's "Kitty Foyle"—from the novel by an *SRL* contributing editor, Chris Morley; title role played by an *SRL* subscriber, Ginger Rogers. ☞The Federal Government has purchased from Miss F. Wynn Graham two paintings for a government building. The selections were made from paintings submitted in a nation-wide contest. Miss Graham has contributed several illustrations to the *SRL*. ☞Tip for Wall Street: The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is starting a year's advertising campaign in the *SRL* beginning with the issue of January 11th. ☞Smith & Durrell has rushed through to pre-Christmas publication David Hall's "The Record Book," a guide for collectors of classical and popular music. The *accoucheur* was Oliver Durrell, opera devotee and patron of the indoor hand-organ man.

★ ★

☞Young Q. had the pleasure of meeting Thomas Woodhouse, who has done a scholarly job of editing Martin Goodrich's novel, "Delilah"—the story of a U. S. destroyer. This book, in the process of writing and rewriting for ten years, already has under it a propelling groundswell of inside-the-book-business publicity that should take it far. Publication date, January 23rd. (Farrar & Rinehart.) ☞Alice Duer Miller's "The White Cliffs," a poem in tribute to beleaguered England, was a sleeper which has been nursed into big sales by Coward-McCann. The 11th printing—one of 10,000 copies—has just gone to press.

★ ★

☞Booth Tarkington was awarded the annual medal of the Daily Princetonian Association at its annual dinner on December 6th in Princeton, New Jersey. The award is given annually to an alumnus of Princeton who has distinguished himself in the field of journalism or letters. Other alumni to receive the award include Robert McLean, of the Associated Press, and Julius Ochs Adler, of the New York *Times*. When Mr. Tarkington was a Princeton undergraduate, he founded the Triangle Club.

★ ★

☞For the second time in three years, Random House has won the American Institute of Graphic Arts award for "consistent excellence in trade book design." A plaque was presented to Random House by *Bookbinding Magazine* on December 5, 1940.

★ ★

☞The Associates received this note from Dave Randall, of Scribner's Bookstore, who is an able decimal point watcher: "Thank you for the nice send-off of my recent American First Edition catalogue, in the Christmas *Saturday Review*. I'd like to point out a small error, involving a couple of decimal points—my copy of Crane's "Maggie, a Girl of the Streets" is priced $450., not $4.50. The only reason you didn't see any Thomas Paine items is due to the fact that it seems quite likely that Herr Schicklegruber sent to the bottom of the Atlantic the true first edition of Paine's "Rights of Man," which was purchased in England a few months ago and shipped from there, but which has not yet arrived in port. A copy of the "American Crisis" is now on exhibition here at the Rare Book department. This, as you know, is the famous pamphlet beginning: 'These are the times that try men's souls. . . . '"

★ ★

☞Last year Old Q. went big for "Little Toot," Hardie Gramatky's superbly illustrated story of a fearless tug. Gramatky has done another colorful job for children—"Hercules," the story of an old-time horse-drawn fire engine. We think that Quercus was discouraged from comment when he learned that Mayor LaGuardia had muscled-in to the review racket. The Mayor called "Hercules" *swell*. The next time His Honor needs an opinion about a fire-engine, he will find Old Q. at this address.

★ ★

☞*An Atlas of World Review* by the cartographer, Clifford H. MacFadden, is an inexpensive ($1.95) book of 100 maps and running text, which will remain valuable no matter how armies change the contours of nations. It marks petroleum and people, copper and communications, foodstuffs and folkways—the lesser perishables of political geography.

★ ★

☞Henry Seidel Canby has just completed the manuscript of a new book on the Brandywine in the Farrar & Rinehart American Rivers Series. A chapter from the book appeared two weeks ago in the *SRL* as an article titled, "The Literature of the Brandywine."

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